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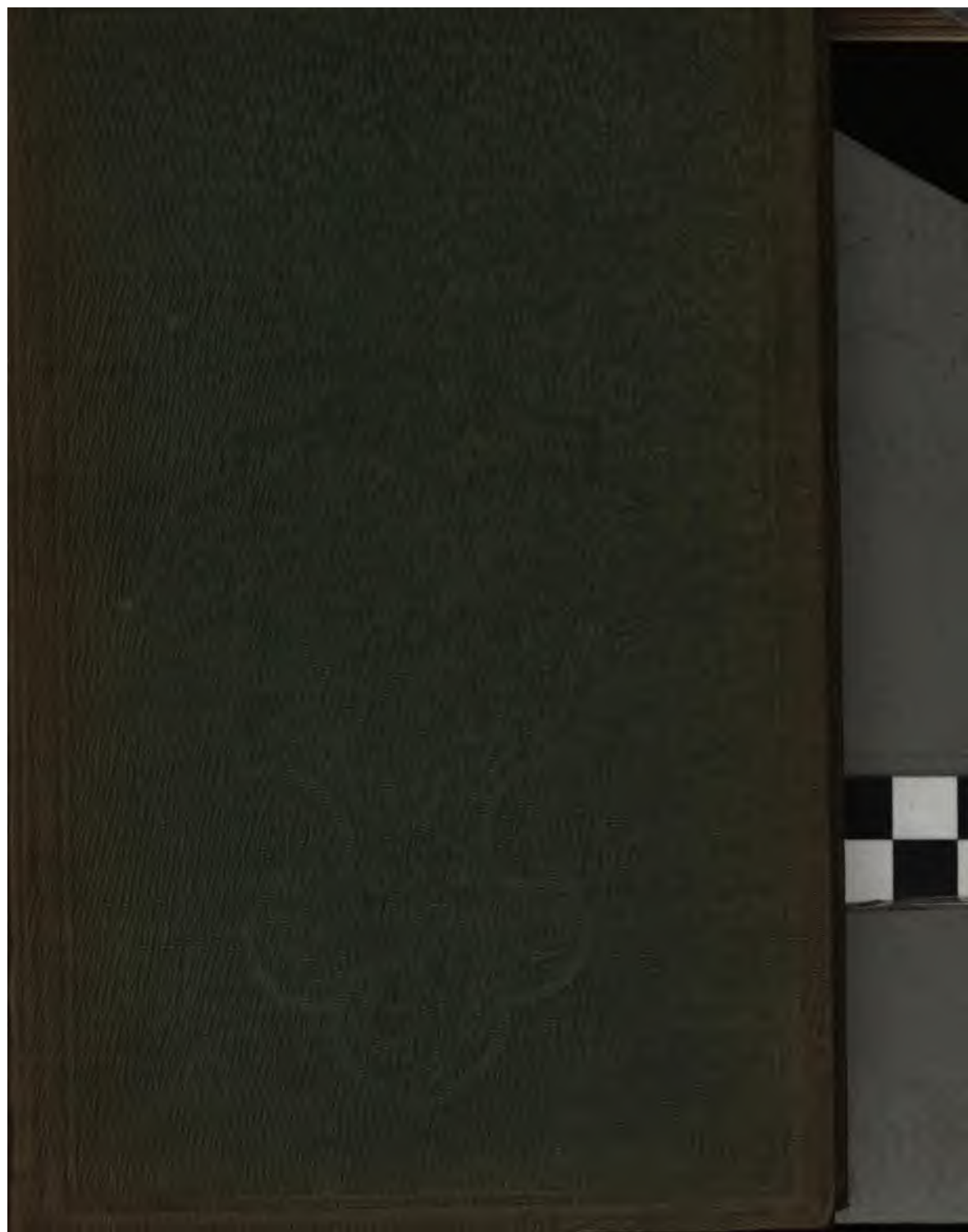
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THE  
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

*A Domestic Narrative*

ILLUSTRATING THE PECULIAR DOCTRINES

HELD BY THE

DISCIPLES OF GEORGE FOX.

BY

MRS. J. R. GREER,

AUTHOR OF "QUAKERISM; OR, THE STORY OF MY LIFE."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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OF  
THE SECOND VOLUME.

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page 254. 'Our testimony against tithes and forced maintenance in this gospel day being *received from Christ our Head and High Priest, is not of our own making or imposing, nor from the tradition of men*, but what we have from Him, by whose divine power we were raised up to be a people, and by which we have been preserved to this day; knowing that his ministry and gospel are free, according to his own express command, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' Observe now, my dear cousin, that '*received from Christ*' means, received from the 'light within.' It does not mean that the Bible has given Friends their testimony, or that it is to be found in the Bible; but the word Christ is, as I told you, often used by Friends when they design to place peculiar force on any obligation required by their 'light.' It is an unfair and an impious expression, and is designedly used to mislead those who are so little versed in the Bible, as to be capable of believing it means Christ's written commands.

"Barclay's Apology does not go so far as the

meeting book. He argues on the payment of tithe being unnecessary, being a Levitical law; and he says, 'There is no express gospel command for it.' He does not object to ministers being supported; for he says, 'It is lawful for him to receive what is necessary and convenient,' only he would not on any account give anything to bishops or priests, lest it should become to them 'a bait for covetousness.' It was George Fox who forbade the payment: he is '*the Christ our head and high priest,*' who made and imposed the testimony. He was ever at open war with the clergy, and the language he employed evinces the bitter spirit in which he established the testimony. He says, in his Journal, page 499, 'All the preachers for tithe and money, and the takers and payers of tithe, must be testified against in the Lord's power and spirit; that all may stand up to their testimony for Jesus Christ, in his power and spirit, against the tithe-monsters.' In another place, he says, 'These priests are counterfeits, who take people's tithes now by law, and are from the beast.' He calls the

clergy 'dirty spirits,' 'oppressing hirelings,' and many other hard names, but he has not given any Scripture text for it all, but 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'

"Now, what has the Lord, in truth, commanded us to do? 'Render to all their dues;' 'Walk honestly toward them that are without;' 'Do justly,' &c. &c. The written commands of Christ concerning money are all to give—'Freely ye have received, freely give;' 'Give to him that asketh of thee.' And lest any disciple of the Lord should cling to the retention of money, we are warned rather to take wrong, than to resist a money demand—'Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?' Nothing can be more unscriptural than the quaker system of refusing to pay the lawful tithe; nothing more untrue than that the command to do so has been received from Christ."

"What right have clergymen to demand tithe of us?" said Susanna. "We do not go to their churches, and why should we be called on to pay them?"

"The law of the land has given them a right to it. They have as much right to their tithe as we have to our household property. What gives us a right to hold any property but the laws of the land in which we live?"

"Yes," replied Susanna, "but this is a very different case. Tithe is by way of payment for spiritual duties, and no man has a right to enforce payment from those who conscientiously object to the performance of those, so called, spiritual duties."

"Friends do not go to church, it is true," said Lucretia, "yet they do receive a benefit from the Establishment, of which, perhaps, they may yet understand the value. The church prays for them. Friends do not pray for themselves, ignorantly thinking they are sinless and perfect, and need no pardon for sin. The church knows they are miserable sinners, all the more miserable for their ignorance, and in praying unceasingly for them, she returns a tenfold value for all the tithe allotted to her by the laws of the land.

“Supposing even, to please you, that those duties are miscalled spiritual, and that our rulers have no scriptural authority for enforcing tithes, still we are bound to submit to them. ‘Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord’s sake.’ Our Lord set us an especial example in a similar case. He objected to the propriety of tribute being demanded of him, and yet he did not refuse to pay it. ‘Lest we should offend them, give unto them for thee and me.’ The ‘light’ which leads Friends to uphold this testimony, is as opposite to the light of Scripture, as night from day. The Bible says, pay—under every circumstance, although objectionable, although a mere ordinance of man, still pay what is demanded of you. Friends say, do not pay; resist the legal demand in every possible way. No; look at the subject in any way you please, and still it is simply dishonest to withhold from any man that money to which he has a legal claim. Read all the lengthy reasonings of Friends, and then read the Bible rules for honesty, and convince yourself; but remember it is an unfair, may I not

say a dishonest beginning Friends make, when they assert, they have been given the testimony by Christ, when after all, it is only George Fox's 'light within,' they have so unwarrantably called '*Christ our head and high priest.*'

"This very flagrant ascription of Divine power to George Fox (for who but a divinity hath power to rule the conscience of man?) ought to open the eyes of Friends, to the deception which has so long been played upon their credulity. The Book of Discipline has numerous passages of the same import. At page 118 we are told that the discipline of the Society 'had its origin in Divine authority.' What was that authority? In the introduction they tell us themselves, that 'George Fox was the chief instrument' in establishing the discipline, although 'other faithful friends' helped. In his Journal, he takes the entire credit of it all to himself, and says, 'I was moved of the Lord' to do it. To the present day, you see Friends ascribe to him—to a mere man—'divine authority.'\*

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\* George Fox, in his "Answer to the Westmoreland Petition," p. 30, says—"If ever you own the prophets, Christ,



“Again, on plainness, page 206, Friends call that ‘an ancient testimony *Truth* begat in our hearts in the beginning,’ and they call it ‘the cross of Christ, which preserves Friends blameless.’ Truth here means, William Penn’s sick relation’s dream, for that is the recorded beginning of Friends’ plainness, as you see in ‘No cross, no crown,’ page 138. To call such a thing as dress, ‘the cross of Christ,’ is dreadful; yet I think I have shown you, that to the present moment it is ‘the cross’ to which quakers still look for salvation. What value can attach to any modern quaker profession of Christianity, when we find them advisedly using such phrases? Who will venture to say that those passages which seem to confess a true faith, are not also used in a non-natural sense?”

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and the apostles, you will own our writings, which are given forth by the same Spirit and power.”

And in “Truth’s Defence” he says—“You might as well condemn the Scriptures to the fire as our queries. Our given forth papers and printed books, it is from the immediate eternal Spirit of God. You are answered from the mouth of the Lord.”—p. 2, 104, 107.


Mary Greenway came cantering up the lawn on her pony, and both the ladies hastened to the hall door to welcome her. She brought a letter for Susanna, and leaving her to read it, she ran up stairs with her sister. They soon returned together, and hoped Susanna had had a pleasant account from home. "They are all well, thank you," she answered; "but I am ordered to get ready to return home immediately. Eustace is to be here the day after to-morrow to escort me. My mother is not pleased with me for coming here. I wonder how they could have heard of my leaving Beech Hill, for I have not written home since I came here."

"I am sorry to hear this," said Lucretia. "Is it possible my aunt objects to your being a few days in my house? I fancied I was rather a favourite with her. I have met her several times since I was married, and she spoke with particular kindness and affection to me."

"Thee was a favourite with both her and my father," she replied, smiling; "but when young Friends marry out, ministering sisters are jealous

of any intercourse being kept up with them. My sister Jenefer, is, I am sorry to say, almost master of the house. It is to her I am indebted for this abrupt termination of the pleasantest visit I have ever paid. I wonder how Jenefer heard of my leaving Beech Hill."

"I can guess," said little Mary, "stupid people that we are, not to have been more cautious. The very day thee left us, Ann Field and Betsey Baker came to pay a morning visit to my mother, and in the course of conversation they asked for thee. We never thought of mischief, and simply mentioned thy being with Lucretia. I remember now how they glanced at each other, and I have no doubt that as soon as they reached home, one or other sat down and wrote to Jenefer under pretext of some meeting business; and then in a postscript told of thy being with Lucretia Conway, who she was sorry to say, was a very improper companion for young people, being much given to dangerous disputations on the principles of our religious Society." Mary smiled as she improvised this quotation.



"Very likely it is so," said Lucretia. "Betsey Baker has more than once called me 'an improper woman,' and 'a dangerous character.' I consider these epithets from her quite complimentary, for overseers only apply such to persons of whose reasoning powers they are somewhat afraid. Were I fond of dress, company, or pleasure, they would be very friendly with me; but to profess to be religious, and at the same time to attend 'the steeple house,' is unpardonable. Betsey Baker and I have twice met in company where a religious conversation was carried on. She was then annoyed; perhaps this is a little reprisal to annoy me."

"I have this day, however," said Susanna; "and thee must give me all the unfriendly conversation thee can during it; I am beginning to think, if our doctrines and practices are true and good, they ought to bear looking into and talking of."

"I would gladly speak to you of these things," she replied, "knowing, as I do, that it is only by apparently the merest chance that young Friends

have any opportunity of hearing them spoken of; and although they may pay but little attention to them at the time, still in those hours when the importance of true religion becomes distinctly seen, then the remembrance of past conversations will revive, and perhaps help in directing the mind to the Bible, from which alone can be derived either sound faith or substantial hope for the world to come. Religion is now, my lovely cousin, but a subject of curiosity to you. Even as such it is worth your attention, for it is intensely interesting, and when you come to feel the need of it, then may you be so freed from the trammels of sectarianism as to seek for the knowledge of a Saviour, His commands and His salvation from His book, where alone it is to be found in its fulness, purity, and efficacy."

"Mamma will like to have thee with her, when Eustace arrives," said little Mary; "most likely she will drive over herself to-morrow to convey thee back to Beech Hill; for I must tell her this bad news."

"But do not mention our suspicions of Betsey

Baker," said Susanna. "My letter gives no reason for the sudden recall; perhaps the good Friend was not thinking of me at all. The time originally fixed for my return is not very far off; perhaps it is a mere matter of convenience to Eustace coming now for me."

"Friends have the power of discerning spirits," said Mary; "they can see into each other's state, as clearly as if each had a looking-glass in his bosom. I am a Friend, so of course I have this power as well as the best of them. If thee knew the way that our overseers go from house to house, spying and watching, and talking among themselves, thee would think it just a most likely thing for them to do."

"The women overseers of this meeting," said Lucretia, "are two old maids, two widows, and one woman whose husband is overseer of the men's meeting. They are all uneducated. Two of them are actually deficient in common understanding. Is it to be wondered at, if Mary and the other young people do murmur at having such persons appointed to watch over, and call

them to account? And is it surprising if these poor, silly, well-meaning women, having nothing to occupy their hands or minds, fancy themselves wise and clever, and become puffed up with self-complacent vanity, at 'the important office,' as they call it, entrusted to them? It is the most natural thing in the world that, in their ignorance and zeal, they should be officious. Overseer in the meeting, sounds important; but to an idle, ignorant woman's understanding, it means spying out everything about others, and talking them over to her fellow overseers."

"Your overseers," said Susanna, "cannot be a more disagreeable set than ours. Peggy Austin is a constant visitor at our house. I sit quietly at my work, and often have the full benefit of her conversation with my mother and Jenefer. She spends her whole time going from house to house to find out news, and then she talks it over in a pious way. I have often laughed to myself, listening to her chatter; it is such a jumble."

"Talk Peggy Austin to me," said Mary,

laughing; "as she is always led and guided by 'best wisdom', it must be edifying and worth repeating."

Susanna, laughing, began thus, in a slow, drawling tone: "' Well, Jenefer dear, since I saw thee, the day before yesterday, I must tell thee where I have been—to see Mary Mippleton. It was a long way to go, but Deborah Skipton lent me her jaunting-car, and I thought it was only my duty to call on Mary, after her long illness. She was five weeks absent from meeting. She says, she has found more benefit from taking bitter beer, than from anything else. Anna came into the room, and I am sorry to see she is getting very dressy. I think they had company in the house they did not wish me to see; for I heard laughing, and I saw a straw bonnet pass by the window. Mary hopes to be able to attend the preparative meeting next first-day. She says their little flock is in a low way. Their meetings are generally silent; and when an offering is made, it does not seem to be altogether acceptable to many. Mary says it sometimes



feels to her to be "an offering of unripe fruits." I wish, Jenefer, thee could feel drawn to sit with our Friends in that meeting occasionally. I feel very poorly to-day. May I ask thee for a glass of wine? I think I'll try the bitter beer. I wonder is it expensive?"—and so she chatters on. Mary, have I given thee enough of the morning visit conversation of an overseer?"

"Yes," she answered, laughing. "That is exactly the way they go on; eating, drinking, dress, and religion—all jumbled up together—make never-failing topics of chat to our women overseers, in the instructive pursuit of their calling."

"The appointment of women to offices in the church," said Lucretia, "is one of the unscriptural emanations from 'the inward light.' It has entirely sprung from that.

"Solomon Eccles, who was George Fox's right-hand man, calls women meetings and preachings, 'The great and good ordinance which Christ Jesus' (*i. e.*, George Fox) 'hath set up.' And when John Story opposed the setting up of

women's meetings, Eccles told him, 'It was rebellion against the living God.' Story was disowned for his interference, and the women gained the day. Then there was George Whitehead: he writes, in his 'Christian Quaker,' page 9,—'A heavenly motion came upon George Fox, as the Lord's anointed, as being the great apostle of Jesus Christ, and as one whom the Lord had ordained to be in the place amongst the children of light, as Moses was amongst the children of Israel, to set forth the method and church government of women's meetings.' Now read the Book of Discipline, page 144, and you will see how Friends, to the present day, use the name of the Deity indiscriminately for that of George Fox. It says: 'Women's meetings were set up by the wisdom and power of God.'

"The Bible commands women to keep silence in the churches. The 'light' of quakers bids them preach, and teach the men. The Bible would have women keep at home, mind their families, and occupy their spare time as Dorcas and Lydia did—in doing good to their fellow-

creatures, and in improving their own knowledge and understanding; but the 'light' of quakers makes women teachers in public, and employs them in the too congenial office of meddling in private affairs, and sanctimoniously overseeing others, instead of minding themselves.

"George Fox showed much worldly wisdom, when he gave power and authority to women in his sect. They would, he knew, keep it tenaciously; and as no other society allows women to take so prominent a part in public, or gives them such authority in private, he calculated rightly, that quakerism would find in the exaltation of women, an element of adhesiveness which no earthly substitute could give. Women love power, get it how they may. George Fox, William Penn, and Robert Barclay, knew well what they were about, when they resolved to enlist female vanity at their side. The society is now held together principally by women. They prompt the men; and as they are numerically vastly in the majority, if they relaxed their hold, or slackened the pressure of 'the wholesome disci-

pline,' the Society would soon vanish away. But what would become of the women, now so elevated, so looked up to, so dominant, so flattered, and so servilely obeyed? They would be nobodies among other sects. However pious, talented, or useful, still women are only private individuals there. A great descent that, from the vain ambition of the now lordly ladies, who rule over the twenty thousand members of the Society, with sanctimonious, but most tyrannical dominion."

"Can thee make any objection to Friends' views of peace?" asked Susanna. "That is one of our testimonies, which I should think cannot be controverted."

"The advocates of peace," answered Lucretia, "are not of necessity quakers. Many persons are quite as peacefully inclined as they are. Friends arrogate to themselves the honour of being exclusive advocates of peace, but as they endorse the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries, let us see what they were.

"George Fox upbraided Oliver Cromwell, in

his 'Counsel and Advice,' page 27, for dismissing quaker soldiers from his army. He says: 'Though they were quakers they were good fighters; many of them valiant captains, soldiers, and officers,' whose only fault was, that they would not take off their hats, and would say, thee and thou.

"And George Bishops, one of those contemporaries whose opinions the quakers of 1852 endorse, wrote to the Council of State thus: 'Beware of falling into this spirit, (of reconciliation with the king,) or of thinking that the breach between you can be healed. For I declare it to you of the Lord, that it is irreconcilable—it cannot, it will not be healed. Therefore, in the power and dread of the Almighty, stand and bear over it—crush it to pieces—stamp it to powder—secure places necessary for defence, doing justice on those whom God hath given into your hands, lest out of this serpent's egg do come a cockatrice, and the Lord deliver you and your forces into the power of those who seek your destruction.' This it would be hard

to spiritualize into what Bishop calls it—‘An address of peace, love, and unity, and against all strife, wars, and contentions.’

“Other quakers wrote,—‘Remember Amalek—*i. e.*, the soul-murdering and conscience-binding clergymen. Therefore blot out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven. Ye shall not forget it. Vex the Midianites—*i. e.*, the lawyers—for they vex you with their wiles, wherewith they have beguiled you in the matter of Peor and Cosbi—*i. e.*, the king and protector.’

“Edward Burroughs, of whom Friends say, that ‘in him the fulness of grace and virtue dwelt,’ wrote, ‘To the Soldiers a Word of Advice;’ in which he says, ‘Oh! give the priests blood to drink, for they are worthy.’

“George Fox wrote to the Protector a letter, dated 11th Month, 1657, thus: ‘Oh! Oliver, thou shouldst not have stood trifling about small things. Do not stand cumbering thyself about dirty priests.’ And then he tells him, that if he had followed his counsels, ‘The Hollanders had been thy subjects. Germany had given up to

thy will, and the Spaniard had quivered like a dry leaf. The king of France should have bowed under thee his neck. The pope should have withered as in the winter. The Turk, in all his fatness, should have smoked. Thou shouldst have crumbled nations to dust. Therefore, let thy soldiers go forth with a free and willing heart, that thou mayest rock nations as a cradle. For a mighty work hath the Lord to do in other nations, and their quakings and shakings are but entering. Lo, this is the word of the Lord to thee, as a charge to thee from the Lord God,' &c., &c.

“‘How! how, George! Our dear friends the Dutch, are they to go too? When the quaker sword is drawn, it spares none. Here is destruction proclaimed to the ends of the earth, and that from *the mouth of the Lord*. And yet these men wipe their mouths, and say they are the meek of the earth. They deny the use of the carnal sword as anti-christian. Poor lambs! And yet I believe in my heart that many of them now are deceived, and think that quaker

principle is really against fighting, because they have heard so much of it since 1660, and that most of the quakers of this generation do not know (for it is studiously concealed from them by those 'of the old stamp) what bloody fellows George Fox, Edward Burroughs, G. Bishop, and the rest of the primitive quakers were.' (Leslie, vol. ii. page 115.)

"Robert Rich—who left the quakers—in his 'Hidden Things,' page 29, tells us that the quakers sent a printed paper to the Parliament, subscribed by more than 10,000 names, offering to raise an army of 20,000 men against the *common enemy*,—for so they termed the king and the loyal party.

"Edward Burroughs' 'Standard,' page 9, has this sentence: 'The Lord is risen to overturn, overturn, overturn, kings and princes, governments and laws, and he will change times, and laws, and governments. There shall be no king ruling but Jesus, nor no government of force but the government of the Lamb.'

"Whenever man seeks to be thought extra



wise, and strains after an appearance of holiness beyond that which the Bible enjoins, he is sure to fall into contradictions. Carry out Friends' professed views of peace, and what a country we should have; for no one will venture to say the millennium has yet commenced. John the Baptist bade the soldiers, when they came to him, thinking as Friends do now, that the profession of arms was to cease, to be content with their wages, not to lay down their arms. If it is a sin to be a soldier, it must also be a sin to be a policeman. If the country ought not to be defended by its army, surely neither ought the city by its police. If it is a sin to repulse a foreign foe, is it not sin also to drive away a midnight thief? Friends do not scruple to fight what they call political battles, what the Peace Society denominates 'moral battles,' although these are for ever going on, and sowing through the length and breadth of the land a harvest of bad passions and ill will, the sure forerunners of physical combats."\*

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\* Friends' minds seem very misty just now (1852), on the subject of peace. See, for instance, how the Hungarian warrior Kossuth has been patronised and fêted by Friends. In

“Could a spiritually-minded people, such as we profess to be, fall into gross mistakes as to the Spirit’s requirings?” asked Susanna.

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a poem, printed in the “British Friend,” he is styled “the noble Kossuth,” “the brave Kossuth.” He is addressed thus—

“Amidst the roar of public acclamation,  
 The tempest-greetings of a mighty throng,  
 The cannon’s thundering reverberation,  
 The civic fête, with toast, and speech, and song ;  
 The grand All hail ! of a rejoicing nation,  
 A million times repeated, loud and long—  
 Can one lone voice, all tremulous with feeling,  
 Be heard by thee, *O glorified Kossuth*,  
 To all thy noblest attributes appealing,  
 As one who knows oppression’s bitter fruit.”

Such is the language which the peaceful quakers adopt now-a-days. The warrior who is spending his time in trying to excite sympathy for his country, and in collecting arms and money to aid him in the deadly strife, is called “brave,” “noble,” and actually “glorified.” He is cheered in his warrior-path by the peace-loving Friends, with a song inspired by the reverberation of the cannon’s thunder ; and this spiritual people regale and refresh their soldier guest with “civic fête, and toast, and speech, and song.”

“The Westminster Review,” of Feb. 1852, has remarked on this strange incongruity of the professors of peace. It says—“On the Sunday he applauds it as a saintly thing to present the patient cheek to the smiter : on the Monday he listens, with rapture, to Kossuth’s curse upon the House of Hapsburg, and the Magyar vow of resistance to the death.”

"It is possible," answered Lucretia, "false spirits may assume the authority of the Holy Spirit, therefore, knowing that Satan can transform himself into a spirit of light, we are warned impressively and affectionately to 'try the spirits whether they be of God.' "

"How shall we try them?" she replied, "by profession will not do, for Friends have two professions: they profess that Jesus Christ came in the flesh, and died for our sins, and they also profess that 'it is the universal saving light in all, which works salvation in all.' "

"We have another test," said Lucretia, 'by their works shall ye know them.' Are Friends, as a people, spiritually minded? Are they not notoriously devoted to the acquisition of money? Who studies his ledger more closely than the Friend? Who is more sharp at making bargains? Even the the men ministers spend six days out of seven, labouring hard to add pound to pound, in the counting house, the farm, the school, or the profession. Who is more rancorous in political debate than the Friend, or more un-

scrupulous in his assertions? Who makes the dress of his poor frail body an essential to salvation, or the ultra-grammaticism of his tongue a stepping-stone to heaven? Who but the Friend?

“The works of a Christian are repentance, obedience, and faith, and when warned in the Bible that Satan can and will assume the appearance of a spirit of light, ought not Friends to look well to themselves, and see what they are about, when they suffer themselves to be led by a professed spirit of light, which is unrecognised by the Bible?”

“It is possible, after all,” said Susanna, “that George Fox may have been a spiritually-minded man, and that these things may have been made manifest duties to him.”

“Let us get his journal again,” said Lucretia, “and read the account he gives of his call to be the founder of a sect. ‘On a certain day (after his visit to Paradise) I was walking in the fields. The Lord said unto me, ‘Thy name is written in the Lamb’s Book of Life, which was

before the foundation of the world.' And as the Lord spake it, I believed, and saw it in the new birth. Soon after that, the Lord commanded me to go abroad into the world, which was like a briery, thorny wilderness. When I came in the Lord's mighty power, with the word of life, into the world, the world swelled and made a noise, like the great raging waves of the sea. I was sent to turn people from darkness to light, that they might receive Jesus Christ; for to as many as should receive him *in his light*, I saw he would give power to become the sons of God, which I had obtained by receiving Christ. I was to direct people to the Spirit that gave forth the scripture, by which they might be led into all truth, and up to Christ and God, as those had been who gave them forth. These things I did not see by the help of man, nor by the letter, though they are written in the letter; but I saw them in the light of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by his immediate Spirit and power, as did the holy men of God, by whom the Holy Scriptures were written. Yet I had no slight esteem for the Holy Scriptures; they were very precious

to me; for I was in the Spirit by which they were given forth: and what the Lord opened in me, I afterwards found was agreeable to them. When the Lord God, and his son Jesus Christ, sent me forth into the world to preach his everlasting gospel and kingdom, I was glad that I was commanded to turn people to that inward light, Spirit and grace, by which all might know their salvation and their way to God; even that divine Spirit which would lead them into all truth, and which *I infallibly knew would never deceive any.*'

"Now mark this," said Lucretia, pausing as she read. "It is on this revelation of *infallibility*, that George Fox and his followers have built up all their system. We have nothing whatever but George Fox's own unsupported word for the reality of his assertion, that the Lord Jesus either appeared to him, spoke to him, or appointed him in the miraculous manner he narrates, to go into the world and teach these novelties, or gave him any promise of an *infallible* light to guide him."

"If the world swelled and made a noise, would

not some persons have heard the noise?" said Mary. "But read on."

"With and by this divine power of God, and the light of Jesus, I was to bring people off from their own ways—from the world's teachers. I was to bring people off from all the world's religions, which are in vain. I was to bring them off from all the world's fellowships, prayings, and singings, which stood in forms without power. I was to bring people off from Jewish ceremonies, from heathenish fables, from men's inventions and windy doctrines, by which they blowed the people about this way and the other way, from sect to sect, and from all their beggarly rudiments, with their schools and colleges for making ministers of Christ. . . . And from all their images, crosses, and sprinkling of infants, with their holy days, and all their vain traditions. Moreover the Lord forbad me to put off my hat to any, high or low; and I was required to thee and thou all men and women—and as I travelled up and down, I was not to bid people good morrow or good evening, neither might I bow

or scrape with my leg to any one. I was sorely exercised in going to Courts of Justice, to cry for justice—I was made to declare against deceitful merchandise, cheating and cozening—I was moved also to cry out against all sorts of music, and against the mountebanks playing tricks on the stages—I was exercised also with schoolmasters and schoolmistresses; likewise, also, I was exercised about the star-gazers—but the black earthly spirit of the priests wounded my life, and when I heard the bell toll to call people to the steeple-house, it struck at my life. As I went towards Nottingham, on a first-day morning, with Friends to a meeting there, when I came on the top of a hill in sight of the town, I espied the great steeple-house, and the Lord said unto me ‘Thou must cry out against yonder great idol, and against the worshippers therein.’ When I came there, all the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest, like a great lump of earth, stood in his pulpit above. He took for his text these words of Peter: ‘We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well



that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.' He told the people that this was the Scriptures by which they were to try all doctrines, religions, and opinions. Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold, but was made to cry out, 'Oh, no! It is not the Scriptures,' and told them it was the Holy Spirit, by which the holy men of God gave forth the Scriptures, whereby opinions, religions, and judgments were to be tried, for it led into all truth, and *so gave me the knowledge of all truth.\**

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\* It is on this, and other such assumptions, that the phrase "The Truth," so often occurs in Friends' writings. As George Fox had, he said, "the knowledge of all truth," so Friends say "Truth beget in our hearts," "The truth as it is in Jesus," &c.; for George Fox claimed all the divine titles of Our Saviour. In his "News coming out of the North," p. 15, he says—"I am the door that ever was; the same Christ yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Numerous such blasphemous sentences might be quoted from his writings. I shudder to reprint more of them than seems absolutely necessary to expose the system, of which such a man is still the revered founder.

As I spoke thus amongst them, the officers came, took me away, and put me into a nasty stinking prison, the smell whereof got so into my nose and throat, that it very much annoyed me.’”

“George Fox’s Journal is written all through in the same style; ‘The Lord bade me;’ ‘The Lord moved me;’ ‘The Spirit desired me.’ *The whole fabric of quakerism rests on the unsupported testimony of his own pen.* No one heard the Lord tell him anything. Many persons did credulously believe him. William Penn did for one, when in writing his ‘Winding Sheet’ he said ‘George Fox’s words stand immovable for ever, for he that is a minister of the Spirit, is infallibly so, and in that ministry is infallible—otherwise the Spirit’s ministry is fallible.’ But very many who heard him speak, and knew him well, did then believe him to be a self-appointed visionary, and most ignorant man. It is only natural that now also we may be permitted to doubt the reality of his revelations.

“His imprisonments for blasphemy, and for disturbing the congregations, were very nume-

rous, but generally short. People saw he was fanatical and self-deluded, and therefore treated him with great leniency. The clergymen, who were the especial objects of his fiercest invectives, were often the first to apply for his release and pardon. He gave them no credit for kindly motives, but boasted of miraculous interposition in his favour; and said, 'the Lord's power allayed them,' and 'they were forced to come under.'

"Often he fared worse. He says, 'Whilst I was at Mansfield Woodhouse I was moved to go to the steeple-house and declare the truth to the priest and people. But the people fell upon me with great rage, struck me down, and almost stifled me. I was cruelly beaten and bruised by them with their hands, Bibles, and sticks; then they haled me out, and put me into the stocks, where I sat some hours. I was inwardly bruised, but the Lord's power soon healed me again.'

"George Fox's letters and addresses to the priests, magistrates, officers, &c., are, one and

all, violent tirades, most insulting, uncharitable, and unchristian; whilst his epistles to Friends are self-righteous and self-opinionated to a degree. He claimed inspiration for all his words and acts; and it would seem impossible now, to understand the credulity with which his assertions were received by his disciples. Whenever a literal meaning to the Scripture text suited his own pre-conceived views, he adopted the literal meaning; whenever such did not suit him, he unhesitatingly gave his own interpretation, and claimed to be 'given of the Lord to see it.'

"In reading the memoir of Joseph Francis Borri, who was a celebrated Italian alchymist in 1660, for fifteen years imprisoned in the Inquisition at Rome as a fanatic and impostor, we are struck with the wonderful similarity of his and George Fox's writings. Borri says, 'When I began to walk in the way of the Spirit, I had a vision of the night, and was assured by an angelic voice that I should become a prophet.' He had a great reputation for sanctity. He performed several able cures, had very many disciples who

loaded him with money and honour, and considered him a prodigy of wisdom and divine inspiration. Like George Fox, he could discern spirits; and he said, 'The spirits obey me, and serve those whom I delight to honour.'

"Peter Mormius, also, the notorious alchemist of 1630, told his sect that he was given of the Spirit to see how Holland might be made happy and rich. The celebrated Dr. Dee was also, like George Fox, constantly in the spirit, and saw visions. He 'was impressed with the belief that he saw the angel Uriel, one day in November, 1582, as he was engaged in fervent prayer.'

"Lilly the astrologer, also, had his conversation with spirits, and voices came to him just the same as to George Fox. Every one of the alchemists, astrologers, and fanatics of the sixteenth century pretended to have immediate communication with spirits, and that it was from them they derived all their pretended wisdom and sanctity.

"George Fox said, 'All languages are to me as dust.' Was not that speech equalled by Paracelsus of Zurich, who said, 'There was more

knowledge in his shoe-strings, than in the writings of all the physicians?" George Fox prophesied the fire of London; 'an angel of the Lord, with a glittering sword drawn,' revealed it to him. (See Journal, p. 386.) Mother Shipton prophesied of it in her jargon equally well. The main features of folly appear essentially the same in them all; and if George Fox's votaries still exist, why, so do Mother Shipton's. In many of the rural districts in England she is still in esteem as a true prophetess."

"Then," said Susanna, "thee thinks quakerism is all one monstrous system of deception!"

"I do," she replied. "The Apostle tells us what the fruits of the Spirit are, 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' You will look in vain through 'George Fox's Journal,' or his other writings, for manifestations of these Christian graces. In them is hatred, unmitigated hatred, to priests, magistrates, and all men and women who presumed to think differently from him. There is variance with everybody, except those who ac-

knowledge his authority. There is emulation, for he proudly sought to be the founder of a new religion, and he pushed the Bible most uncere- moniously away, whenever its precepts opposed his course. He was full of wrath and evil- speaking, as his letters testify. No name was too hard for his pen to use to priest or magis- trate; and if the Scriptures do, indeed, contain the whole counsel of God, and that the blood of Jesus Christ of Nazareth does, indeed, cleanse from all sin, then there can be no doubt what- ever, that George Fox's teaching was heretical and unchristian.

“The whole tenor of the New Testament teaches that the true religion of Christ was founded in all its excellency, and in all its requirings, by our Lord himself, and His dis- ciples; but George Fox tells, and expects us to believe him, that ‘the truth sprang up *first* to us, so as to be a people to the Lord, in Leicester- shire in 1644.’ (Journal, page 662.) He wrote numerous epistles, many of them, if taken in the literal meaning of the words used, are Scriptural

and intelligible; but he adds, ‘and because most people would confess that God’s people should be thus, but few know how to come to this state; therefore, in the openings of truth I wrote,’ &c. People might believe that salvation was to be attained through the merits of the death upon the cross of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, as narrated in the Bible; therefore, George Fox was moved to inform them, that the way of salvation was not what they thought, but that another way was the right one, and that it had been especially revealed to him in 1644, that to walk in the truth was to follow him, and to obey the movings of his spirit in all its various manifestations and ordinances, or testimonies, as he calls them.

“ Yet, still, I would make great allowance for the times in which he appeared, for his own unlettered zeal, and the national fanaticism of the day, which may have impelled him in running out of one error to fall into another, and a worse. He may have meant well; there is some reason to believe he was but a tool in the hands of the



Jesuits. It is because we are required to believe not only in his well-meaning, but in his actual well-doing, that we dwell on his own record of his life and his other writings, as a proof of his being like ourselves, but a mere creature, a fallible man."

"There is," said Susanna, "one peculiarity in our Society which I believe stamps it as being undeniably of heavenly origin. Our ministers can speak to our states. In my own experience I have actually heard in the gallery and in private 'opportunities,' allusion made to circumstances and feelings which it was impossible the speaker could have known except by immediate revelation. I may add, there is another feature in it, which gives our body a heavenly reality and authority, which no other sect can or does lay claim to. When any one spoke slightly of George Fox or of his contemporaries, he and they could just say a few words, and in a very short time the offender was sure to die. There are in George Fox's 'Journal' numerous such cases related as well as in the lives of other

worthies like him; and I am told Friends have still the same power over life and death, if they choose to exercise it."

"In reply to the first peculiarity," replied Lucretia; "just look at Acts 17th chapter, and see how a damsel possessed with a spirit of divination followed Paul, uttering an undeniable truth; and yet it was an evil spirit she had, that so presumed, and was accordingly rebuked. If Friends have any such power as they lay claim to, it must be like the damsel's, a spirit of divination—an unholy spirit. Some of them are very cunning, and have sharp ears. They pick up a thing which a little cleverness enables them to use, so that simple-minded, credulous Friends are impressed with awe and admiration of the wisdom they lay claim to. It has more than once been my lot to become accidentally cognizant of the way in which a minister acquired the knowledge of secret acts and feelings, which was afterwards seriously passed off for immediate revelation. As to George Fox and his followers having the power of life and death over

their adversaries, I know they did claim it, and have recorded numerous instances of the success with which they used it. But was it a heavenly power? Did the Lord Jesus, our adorable Redeemer, or his disciples, ever send any unfortunate adversary to the tomb for offending them? No—but we read in history, that to have an evil eye, or to wish death by word or thought, was considered a sign of witchcraft—a sin worthy of death; and it is also an historical fact, that some quakers were accused of this sin.”

Susanna made no reply. It was very strange indeed to her, to hear George Fox openly accused of error. Lucretia, she thought, has joined the Church, and it is only natural she should run down quakerism, but that is no reason why I should place credence on her opinions. These quotations she has read from George Fox’s journal are only partial extracts, and the contexts might explain them; but then, why did he use language which required to be explained? besides, her Journal is the large folio edition, the original and most authentic; why did Friends

leave out so much, indeed all the extraordinary parts of his writings, when they compiled the late edition? Were they conscious his doctrines were unsound? Were they afraid it would not be for the good of the Society, that young Friends should know *all* that he said and did? Susanna's mind was bewildered with the thoughts which rushed into it, and her beautifully intelligent countenance became as grave as even that of a gallery Friend.

Mary advanced, and putting her two little white hands on Susanna's cheeks, said, "Banish all thoughts of quakerism now. Thee can think it all over some other time. Lucretia delights in entangling any Friend in a religious conversation, and therefore Betsey Baker knows she is a very improper person to consort with thinking young people. I do not like to see thee so grave. Come, take a ride with me, and send gloomy thoughts, fit only for old women, to the winds of heaven."

"I confess," said Lucretia, "I do like much to talk to Friends, young or old, of their religious

opinions, and I do take every opportunity to introduce the subject."

Susanna smiled sweetly, and said, "Thee is a proselytizer, then ; I did not know that, or perhaps I should have been more on my guard."

"I should like to convert a sinner from the error of his way, although I scarcely aspire, even in imagination, to the honour of being a proselytizer. The very most I hope for, in my intercourse with Friends, is to lead them to think and search out for themselves. Very many amongst all sects are merely mechanical members of the congregations they belong to. There is no vitality in a mere outward conformity. Would people only think of what they are, and why they are so, what is the good of their being what they profess to be, and what the end of it is likely to be, I should ask no more ; changing from one sect to another does no good, unless it is the result of thought, and rational scriptural conviction. If in the course of my conversation I can sow a good seed of thought, then I humbly hope the Lord may cause it to

fructify, spring up, and ripen into a good fruit. Now, go ride, and be home in good time for dinner."

Before the evening closed, Mary Greenway drove over: she too had received a letter from Susanna's mother, thanking her for all the kindness shown to her daughter, and saying that "circumstances rendered it advisable for her to return immediately home." Little Mary suggested to her mother the idea of the overseers having told Jenefer of the visit to Lucretia, and she at once said she had no doubt whatever that such was the origin of the speedy recall. There was no use in lamenting now over the mistake made in mentioning Susanna's absence, when the overseers had paid their visit, but all resolved to be more cautious in future.

Susanna bade farewell to the Conways with regret, and returned with her aunt to Beech Hill. Her brother arrived in the evening; there was no time to inquire anything of him now; she had to pack up her trunks, and leave early in the morning. Having promised to correspond

with Mary, she took an affectionate leave of her aunt and cousins, and departed.

Eustace was not very communicative. He seemed less happy, or rather, more pre-occupied than was his wont. Susanna also was sad at the abrupt termination of her most pleasant visit; she was fearful of the return home, and the stern companionship of her uncongenial sister. At length, she said, "Eustace, why did they send for me in such a hurry?" "Because madam Jenefer chose it," he replied. "Why, I do not know; but if I had not come for you, they would have sent Ralph Moneymore to fetch you."

"Impossible!" she exclaimed.

"Everything is possible in our house, now," he replied. "I wish I could leave the country altogether, for there is no comfort at home, and you, poor child! will find it no easy matter to live there either."

This was sad news for Susanna, and the journey, although so tedious, was ended with regret and dread.

Susanna was affectionately welcomed home by her father, who kissed her more fondly and tenderly than ever; and she thought, home cannot be unhappy to me, whilst one so dear and good and kind is in it. Her mother and Jenefer also received her cordially, and spoke of her absence as having been a privation of enjoyment to them. All praised her improved appearance, and hoped the roseate hue of health might remain upon her cheeks. She told of her good aunt and kind cousins; expatiated upon the charms of a country life, and amused them with the anecdotes and incidents of her sojourn at Beech Hill. Her daily ride on horseback was not omitted, and to that she attributed her renewed health and strength.

"Sure thee can ride at home, darling," said her father. "Tom will ride out with thee whenever thee likes. Where can we get a side-saddle, Eustace?"

"Oh! at Friend Judson's," he replied, laughing. "He is renowned for making the best hunting saddles in Ireland. By the way, Friend Jenefer, how is it that Friends may make hunt-



ing saddles, but must not go out hunting? If one is a sin, how happens it that the other is an approved means of getting a livelihood?"

"Oh! what matter for that," said the father, who dreaded one of Jenefer's explanations. "Go there to-morrow and select a nice one for Susanna. The little bay will carry her beautifully. We will try to keep those roses on her cheeks," he said, as he playfully stroked them with his fond fatherly hand.

Susanna was delighted at the prospect of a recreation which she had never thought would be attainable at home; and to find the whole family acquiesce in it was as unexpected as pleasant.

Eustace bought the saddle, and added greatly to her enjoyment by volunteering to go with her instead of old Tom, for the first time. They were both in high spirits as they cantered along the circular road. "This is a pleasure I little expected," said Susanna. "Thee frightened me as we came from Beech Hill, by thy grave sad looks, and by saying that trouble was in store for me."

"I hope I may have been mistaken," said Eustace, "but I think there is something brewing. Ralph Moneymore and Jenefer are constantly together. You are the subject of their plottings, or I am very much astray in my opinion."

"They all know my mind about him," she said. "I am not afraid of anything from that quarter. Eustace, thee has grievously departed from '*the simplicity*,'" she added, laughing. "Thee says *you* even to mother and Jenefer. I was actually petrified with astonishment, when I first heard thee say it to them the night I came home."

He laughed and said, "I thought it was better to go to work determinedly. One day soon after you left us, Jenefer began preaching at me, so I told them all, that I would not stay in the house, if such impertinent interference with me was continued. I told them they knew as well as I did that there was no religion at all in the house, although so much talk about it; that I would say what I liked, and wear what I chose, and if my company was not agreeable they had only to tell

me so quietly, and I would not trouble them long. I knew, before saying anything, that my father was as tired of Jenefer's affectation and preaching as I was, and that my mother would not allow me to be sent away on any consideration. Now I will give you a piece of advice. Say little to Jenefer when you come in opposition, but do not yield to her in any one thing. My father gave up to her in little trifles, and now he is slavishly afraid of her. Mother has scarce a will of her own, and Jenefer will try hard to preach you into submission also."

"I thank thee for the wise caution," she said, gaily. "I have heard much of quakerism, and the tyranny of women Friends, whilst I was away; and now, that I am quite sure that our profession of having really an unerring light to guide us, is false, I am not disposed to submit to the 'requirements of truth,' as Jenefer's 'best wisdom' may incline."

The ride was a long and pleasant one; Susanna's bright smile and heightened colour delighted her fond father, who pressingly advised

her to ride every day. They all asked where she had been, and who she had seen? And these questions being answered, her mother told her that her old admirer, Ralph Moneymore, was coming to tea. Susanna glanced rapidly at Eustace, and saw his meaning smile. Ha! she thought, I am prepared for this.

Ralph came, Susanna presided at the tea table, and was very civil to him, and more chatty than usual, but as soon as tea was over, she left the room. Her mother after a while sent for her, but she pleaded fatigue, and retired to rest—to rest, but not to sleep. A resolute resistance to the plan she doubted not was made to force her into a distasteful marriage, buoyed up her courage, and she determined to speak to her father first, and then to be guided by circumstances.

Day after day passed, and as no one spoke of Ralph, Susanna smiled as she thought of the foolish fright she had given herself. She rode out with old Tom; it was pleasant, but not half so much so, as when her brother accompanied her. She soon prevailed on him to escort her

again, and, talking and laughing, they rode gaily on. "Come round by the park," said he, "and let us see the review; I hear the guns firing."

"Oh! no," she said, "I should be afraid."


"Of what?" he asked, "of the guns? or of Jenefer?"

"Well, I do not know," she laughed; "it is not Friendly to go to a review, and yet I often wished to see one. Is it any harm? I am not afraid of the guns, or of Jenefer either; but is it not a wrong thing to go there?"


"Come, try for yourself," he said; "do not tell them at home, and if you find harm in it one day, do not go there again."

That review, in the fifteen acre field, was a gay sight. They who understood military evolutions enjoyed the precision with which the moving columns obeyed the word of command; they who admired a splendid pageant—and who did not?—looked with delight on the noble horses, snorting and animated, as if with an appreciation of the important part in the spectacle which they bore; the gallant officers decked in their

brilliant habiliments, and glittering in the light of their golden ornaments, as these reflected the sunbeams, dashed from side to side, now with impetuous speed, as if impelled by an irresistible impulse, the next moment still and motionless as a marble statue. It was a gay scene, and the crowd of spectators who flanked the field were not the least interesting part of the pageant. The city lady in her ponderous barouche, from which the horses had been removed, made it a matter of business. She was crowded with her fair young companions, and as if their sweet smiles were not sufficient attraction for disengaged officers and pleasure seekers, she had her well-filled hampers with cold chicken, ham sandwiches, pastry, and champagne, to lure them to her side. The multitudinous jaunting-car parties imitated her in their way, and whilst they regaled on their more substantial fare, made the air resound with mirth, laughter, and wit. Nor were the pedestrians a whit behind the aristocratic drivers and riders, in their keen and loud enjoyment of the revelry. Bare-footed urchins, and half-clad



artisans looked thoughtless of poverty and want, and seemed to forget, in the noise of the firing, the brilliancy of the moving panorama, and the exuberance of their own mirth-loving wit, that it was but a show, and would soon pass away, leaving all life's sad realities as severely true to-morrow, as they were yesterday. The military music, as it rose in the air, stirred the hearts of the bravest, and worked strange marvels on the horses; such of them as were accustomed to the gala snorted with delight; others were frightened, started off, or trembled; so that what with the guns and the drums, many an unpractised driver found himself suddenly plunging into a difficulty, and many an unskilled rider found himself unexpectedly dismounted, whilst such events afforded an occasion of loud laughter and well-pointed satire. It is one of the many good points in the Irish character, that no selfish sorrow shuts out participation in another's pleasure, and this generous impulse to brighten with a smile the gladsome happiness we see, but share not, is like charity twice blessed, for it re-acts on



our own feelings, and although the joy is not ours, yet there is a delightful charm in speeding it on to the heart of a fellow pilgrim in this world of sorrow, change, and toil.



## CHAPTER II.

“The quaker is so impracticable—his conscience is so troublesome—makes him such a crochetty citizen—it comes across so many social duties, we hardly know what he will do ; and yet it does not do to avenge ourselves on his conscience ; for, though he turns not again, he will not suffer in silence—so that, what with his scruples, his profession, *his disgraceful bad principles, &c.*, no wonder if he is not in good odour.”—*Westminster Review*, April, 1852.

SUSANNA was so unused to noisy sports and crowded scenes of revelry, that she instinctively shrunk from participating in the gay spectacle of the review. It afforded her no pleasure whatever, and if she could have left it immediately, she would gladly have done so ; but when in a crowd, it is no easy matter to get out of it. Her horse was no stranger there, and she was greatly surprised to find her brother so much at ease in it, as well as to observe the numbers of officers and gentlemen who

saluted him as they passed, with the freedom of old acquaintances. At length, to her great relief, the review was ended; and the multitude dispersed, all apparently in good humour and good feeling with each other.

The sweet smiles of the ladies, as they thanked the ragged urchins who were so on the alert to perform any little office of civility which there might be opportunity for, and the carelessly flung shilling, or penny, as the case might be, of their gentlemen escorts, stirred up kindly feelings, and added a link to the chain which binds the Irishman to his superior in station with cheerful obeisance. Without servility or abject submission, there is an innate deference for station, as being the representative of superior education and virtue, which they who hold that station would do well to foster in the Irish mind. Worth alone deserves pre-eminence and respectful obeisance; and as surely as water finds its level, so surely will worth, intelligence and virtue raise the standing of its possessor in

the appreciation of the multitude, who, inattentive to the principle, yet feel the effect, and acknowledge the power of these irresistible attributes.

The frank readiness with which the Irish of all classes attribute good motives, and expect to meet kindly returns from strangers, is peculiarly characteristic; and when that cordial feeling is rudely repulsed, when cold cynicism and harsh selfishness are the return offered, who can say the blame alone rests on those warm-hearted beings, whose feelings were first chilled, and then driven back with perhaps a force which destroyed them altogether, or turned their proffered sweetness into gall and wormwood?

As the brother and sister rode slowly away, they were overtaken by a group of officers, one of whom, after speaking to Eustace, claimed acquaintance with Susanna also. It was Captain Weyburgh. The others soon passed on; he remained with them, and gaily conversing on subjects as numerous and varied

as the aspect of the moving crowds about them, still contrived to let Susanna know very distinctly, that one thought alone was in his head, one vision alone was before his eyes, and that she, and she alone was the point to which his every thought was directed. She was flattered, as any young girl would be, with the marked and most respectful attentions of so brilliant a beau; and when he took leave, she candidly agreed with her brother, that he was a very agreeable person.

Susanna observed a great change in Eustace. His manners were altered, and his tone of conversation quite changed. She remarked it to him, but he only said, smiling, "I am not changed to you, at any rate." He was, in truth, much altered during the few months she had been away. He had found the evenings at home insupportably wearisome and distasteful. He abhorred Jenefer's preaching and assumption of inspiration; and as she carried the practice of her craft into all the details of domestic life, he quietly withdrew

from the home her influence had rendered so repulsive. As the Book of Rules desires weighty Friends "to abide in that power that gives dominion over all corrupt spirits," so she tried to obey it, and to obtain dominion: whilst everything that opposed her "dominion" was to her "a corrupt spirit." With regret Eustace had seen his mother, whom he dearly loved, submit without an effort at resistance to every whim of her self-opinionated daughter; and his father, also, was now become almost afraid to assume any authority, or to express a wish or opinion on any subject. He spent most of his time at his place of business; his meals were always comfortable, and an after dinner sleep was now become his panacea for conflicting interests, and home troubles.

No young man could be expected to remain the listless inmate of so unpleasing a parlour: Eustace left it with regret and disgust. He was naturally of an affectionate and domestic turn, and had home been happy and attractive

he would not have resorted to the scenes of excitement with which he was now become familiar. Many other quaker young men, like him, were absentees from their mother's fire-side of an evening for the same reason. The monotonous click of the knitting needles, the sanctimonious remarks and reproofs of an aspiring sister, and the heavy breathing of a drowsy father, are found to be wanting in attraction for young Friends. When quakers banished the arts and sciences from their sitting-rooms, they virtually banished the young men also. Youth requires and will have excitement and cheerfulness. Deprive a mother's apartments of these attractions, and you rob her society and her maternal influence of half its power for good over her sons. The absence of home pleasures in the evenings draws the young men Friends to congregate in taverns, club houses, and such like places of resort; when deprived of the softening and refining influence of beloved female relatives, they acquire tastes and habits most injurious,

and too often degrading in the extreme; from which, as life advances, and youthful tastes pall upon the surfeited palate, they start into fathers of others, for whom the same path alone is open; or ascetics, who hope by additional austerity of manner, and adherence to the peculiar and accredited forms of pietism in the Society, to atone for the vagaries of youth, and so live out the rest of their days in that tranquil indifferentism which their neglected, or for the most part very partial education induces them to sink into.

Eustace did not like to associate with those young men. He had a personal dislike to Ralph Moneymore, who was a leader amongst them; and he rejected all unnecessary intercourse with his cousin Reuben Stephenson. There were several other young men Friends also, whom Eustace thought it beneath him to associate with; and he had no natural taste for the scenes in which they delighted. If he was driven to dissipation, he resolved it should be among a different set; and having been intro-

duced by Captain Weyburgh to a billiard room, he soon became a favourite with some of those who resorted to that pastime, and having his purse always well filled, he found no difficulty in obtaining admission to their circle as they congregated at the tavern, or adjourned to the theatre or the concert room. He was often invited to the mess, and his natural good sense and temperate habits having preserved him from falling a victim to the baits which some of those brilliantly adorned gentlemen had artfully hoped to entangle him and his purse in, he rose in the estimation of the more intelligent and more refined of the party; and some two or three of them, amongst them Captain Weyburgh, felt that their quaker acquaintance was a man of no common mould, and well worthy of being enrolled among the number of their friends.

Eustace, on his part, whilst sedulously endeavouring to make his company agreeable to them, felt his own deficiency in educational refinement and conventional agreeabilities.



His spare time was therefore employed in acquiring a knowledge of the literature of the day, and of that *savoir faire* which is indispensable as a passport to good society. The study, ephemeral as it was, was useful and pleasing. The effect on his manners was most beneficial; on his mind, alas! greatly the reverse. He had fled from the mockery of religion, and fallen into the dangerous extreme of disregarding it altogether. He still went to the first-day morning meeting, but it was to escape observation, to avoid being talked of. For the same reason he occasionally mixed with Friends, but he felt himself mentally isolated from them, and even longed to be rid of the necessity of going amongst them at all. Were it not for his love for Susanna, and his affection for his father, the tie would at once have been broken.

Susanna's acquaintance with Captain Weyburgh now became almost daily strengthened. Whether she rode out with old Tom or her brother, or went to take a solitary walk, it was

ever the same, the captain was sure to meet her—by chance, as it seemed. His unceasing attentions and graceful declarations of unalterable attachment at length were felt in their full force by her; but from the first moment of his proposal that she should unite her fate with his, she had steadily refused to accede, on the ground of her parents' certain disapprobation. It was not until she had several times repeated this determination, that she felt the cost it was to herself to persevere in it. "It would not be right for me," she thought, "to marry without the consent of my father and mother. I have ever resolved to do what I know to be right. That is the only religion I can trust to; and now I know it is right to refuse him." She sighed. The sigh opened her heart, and she saw there that right and inclination pointed different ways.

Eustace conferred with her most kindly and affectionately. He praised his friend, and told her that he had ascertained his respectability, wealth and suitability every way, except the

one. "We cannot make a quaker of him; except for *that*, he is all right."

"And that exception is decisive," she said, sighing; "so tell him, Eustace, and let me be spared all further mention of the subject."

Eustace did tell the captain, who could not at all be made to understand the propriety of resigning a very nice wife, merely because an old shepherd, or shoemaker, who lived some three hundred years ago, had asserted he was commissioned by Heaven to forbid the banns. However, although he could not see "the right," he perceived, very clearly, that he must have patience; and ill-brooking the vexatious impediment, he resolved to persevere in his suit, by every possible expedient, without frightening his timid, but most loveable lady, from her notions of right. Eustace was his advocate, and he guessed that there was a whispering voice in Susanna's own heart, which pleaded his cause for him also; so that, although vexed and provoked, he was by no means hopeless. The difficulty only stimu-


lated his passion and excited his ingenuity to invent a means of overcoming it; he did not doubt of being ultimately victorious over "old Fox" and his antiquated and senseless rules. Meanwhile, Susanna remained at home. She neither rode nor walked out. This sedentary life, with the brooding thought of her captivating lover, and the thralldom she was in, soon blanched her cheek, and paled the brilliancy of her blue eyes.

Martha Sillington soon noticed, with a mother's quick perception and fond alarm, the depression of her daughter's spirits. She kindly and affectionately inquired the cause. Susanna, of course, could give no cause. She attributed her undeniable depression to the weather, and the wearisome feel of having nothing to do but needlework, which might as well be left undone, and reading books which had no interest for her. Having thus given her mother the idea that she was suffering from a morbid spirit of discontent, the alarm ceased, and Martha Sillington, with

that peculiar, stern harshness of manner which seems inseparable from the character of a consistent elderly woman Friend, rebuked her daughter, and thereby added to the depression she wished to see removed.

Jenefer and her mother *sat together*, as Friends say, many times on the subject. Friends were beginning to remark the change in Susanna's look and manner; and as, after each meeting, one or another would say to her, as she stood in the hall, "I am sorry to see Susanna look so drooping," Jenefer felt annoyed; for Susanna's beauty and attraction were valued highly by this worldly-minded aspirant for elevation in the Society.

At one of these sittings, Jenefer having turned the matter over in her mind, told her obedient parent that she felt it would be best to get Susanna married as quickly as possible. "She does not know what ails her," said Jenefer; "and she does not know what would be for her own real welfare. We are her best friends, and it is our duty to attend to her



interests, and to get her comfortably and respectably settled in life."

"No one has proposed for her but Ralph Moneymore," replied the mother. "She told me she would not marry him."

"Ralph is still disposed to wish for her," she answered. "He has repeatedly spoken to me about it. He is most suitable every way; and there is no use in consulting Susanna any more about it. Let her know that the thing is decided, and that she has no option, and it is not in her nature to resist. She will cry about it, and go on in her silly way, shutting herself up in her room, and looking miserable; but that will soon go off. Ralph is very fond of her — too fond," she said, half sadly. "There is nothing to fear from him; and now, mother, when thou and I feel quite easy in our own minds on the propriety of what we are intending to forward, and may I not say, when this dear child's suitable settlement in life depends upon us, dost thou think we should be faithful to the light given us, if we shrink

from inflicting a momentary pain on her, when it is to secure her permanent welfare?"

By this and many other such like plausible arguments, Martha Sillington, the affectionate, loving mother, was won over by her strong-minded daughter to assist, or rather to take the principal part in ruining the peace of the child she really loved, and wished to see happy. Jenefer loved to manœuvre: she planned the sacrifice of her only sister's freedom, and stifled, both in her own mind, and in that of her credulous parent, every suggestion of sympathy for the unconscious victim, by the repetition of the words, "Surely, we are her best friends; we would not propose, or do anything that was not for her real welfare."

Jenefer lost no time in communicating to Ralph the determination she had come to, to coerce Susanna. He did not quite relish the idea an unwilling bride. He rejected the proposal of taking Susanna so entirely by surprise. "No," said he. "I must not have her vexed. I will go daily to your house. Let me be

received as an accepted suitor by all, and let our engagement be made the subject of general conversation among Friends. I do think it is only opportunity I need, to make myself acceptable; but as the dear girl is so very hard to be won, I would have no objection that there should be that gentle pressure, which is sure to arise from our friends talking of us as an engaged pair. Susanna will not like to be thought a flirt, and every one will call her one, should I be rejected after a lengthened course of visitings, and being invited to meet company at your house."

"Very well," she replied. "Thou art quite right thus to blend the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. Pray consider thyself invited to dinner to-morrow. We expect a few friends."

They parted, and Susanna found herself now, part of every day, in company with Ralph Moneymore. He avoided paying her any attention in private; but when strangers were present, his manner became most dis-



agreeably assiduous to her. When publicity was sure to screen him from being repulsed, he would address his conversation to her; when only her own family was present, he spoke not a word to her exclusively.

Susanna cared not; she observed the oddity of his manner; and knowing that Jenefer liked him, and seeing them so often conferring privately together, she thought his manner to her put on to cover her known dislike to him. Her mind was fully occupied with the image of another, whose love having refused at the dictate of duty, she felt free to think of as an oasis in the desert of the life she looked forward to as her inevitable destiny; and thus mentally engaged, her quiet, thoughtful, resigned manner forwarded the scheme of which she was forewarned, but had become unconscious, and on the success of which hung her freedom and her happiness. Captain Weyburgh took good care she should not forget him. Nosegays of the choicest flowers, tied with gold thread, lay on her toilette table

when she rose in the morning. Her maid could only tell that the man who left them had a moustache. Poetic effusions, in blank envelopes, came by post from the same quarter she knew, for a thread of gold was tied round each. Books, also, came to her often, without a name, but with the gold thread for a marker. Susanna had no occasion to ask where they all came from. She had seen the captain purchase gold thread one day when he came into a shop in which she was, and her heart told her all the rest.

Six months passed on. Ralph was almost daily at the dinner-table, seated beside Jenefer. The father had been deceived into a belief that Susanna was quite willing to accept the husband thus fixed on for her; and she and Eustace had agreed to expect shortly a public announcement of Jenefer's marriage with Ralph.

It was after dinner; the most auspicious hour of the day to present any request for a favour, as people are almost always in good humour then. Susanna, having reclined on a

sofa, had closed her eyes, that she might shut out the present, and indulge in a day-dream of future devotedness to the memory of her only love, when she was roused by her mother's voice saying: "Susanna, thee must put an end to this trifling. It is quite time to finish this long courtship, and that a day should be fixed for the marriage. Ralph, come here," and he sprung to her side; "I am telling Susanna that it is time to fix the day. What dost thou think?"

"I think so too," he said, smiling. "Shall we go before the next monthly meeting?"

"Who is going to be married?" asked Susanna, listlessly.

"Thee and I, to be sure," said he; "who else?"

"Nonsense," she angrily replied, and rose to leave the room; but Jenefer stopped her.

"Thou must remain; sit down."

Susanna had not learned to rebel—she sunk into a chair.

"It is time to give over this affectation,

Susanna," she said, harshly; "Ralph has put up with too much already from thee—trying for years to please thee; and now, as we have seen that thou art incapable of judging what is for thine own real happiness, we, thy best friends, have accepted Ralph's proposal for thee; and therefore we request and desire, that thou wilt manifest a due sense of the favour conferred on thee. There is no occasion for thee to speak much about it; thy 'best friends' have already weighed the matter. I may say, we have turned the fleece on both sides, and now it is only necessary to inform thee, that thy presentation of marriage is to be on next monthly meeting day—three weeks from this time; that will just give thee nice time to make the necessary purchases."

"I will spend to-morrow shopping with thee, dear," said the mother, who did not like the look of cold shuddering with which Susanna heard this most disagreeable announcement; "Thee shall have everything of the

nicest and most costly, and I do think Ralph will prove a very affectionate husband."

Ralph approached her chair and took Susanna's hand; he would have spoken kindly—more than kindly, for he fondly loved her, and had only consented to force and underhand means when he perceived there was no other chance at all for him. Susanna withdrew her hand quickly and calmly, but, with a face as pale as marble, said: "You seem to have settled the business without consulting me. I wish to speak to my father and brother before I say anything to you."

"There is no occasion to speak to my father; he entirely approves of it," said Jenefer.

"Does he?" asked Susanna. "Then he has greatly changed. He told me long ago, when I positively refused to marry that man there, that he was pleased to hear me say so, as he did not much like him himself. I value my father's opinion: I must hear it from his own lips, not from Jenefer's."

"I scorn such unworthy insinuations," said

Jenefer. "Mother, wilt thou call in my father?" He came drowsily, for he had been sunk into his usual after-dinner slumber, and sleepily asked what was the matter?

"Father, my dear father!" said Susanna, throwing her arms round his neck, and imprinting a fond kiss upon his forehead, "tell me here, before them all, that thee will not suffer me to be forced to marry that Ralph Moneymore—a man who has not the manliness to ask me openly, but who plots with Jenefer, and inveigles my own mother to assist him in his wicked attempt to rob me of my earthly happiness. My own dear father, say thee will protect me; bid him leave the house, and tell him I hate him."

"My poor child, be calm," he said. "No one would harm thee; but do not speak so, my pet, of any Friend; Ralph is a very good Friend. We must not offend him—it would not be right. Oh, no! There! Be calm, darling; thee could not hate any one. Friends ought not to hate any one. There now, shake

hands with Ralph to show thee only forgot thyself for a moment. Shake hands with him first, and then I will speak to thee, my own pet."

"Do not ask me, father," she replied, much agitated, "do not ask me to affect a feeling of friendship which my heart rejects; thee would not like thy Susanna to shake hands with any one when her doing so would only be a deception?"

"Father," said Jenefer, "I hope thou wilt feel the propriety of enforcing on Susanna the necessity of obeying her parents with that cheerful alacrity which becomes her: tell her at once that thy mind is made up, and that it is quite useless for her to attempt a childish resistance to the arrangements which have been made for her best interests, as well as for her respectable establishment in life. It has been borne in on my mind, in a very remarkable manner, that it is our duty to see this marriage accomplished."

The father evidently feared to oppose his

eldest daughter, and Susanna saw with dismay that a coil had been woven around her. Her spirit rose with the occasion. She no longer appealed to father or mother; they were both, she saw, afraid of Jenefer, and also infatuated with the idea of her being led by "best wisdom," and thereby rendered an infallible interpreter of the will of heaven. Scorning to address a word to Ralph, or even to glance over to where he sat; looking, indeed, most rueful, she again attempted to leave the room; but Jenefer again impeded her exit. "Thou must not leave this room until thou hast consented to the arrangements we have made to secure thy welfare;" and Jenefer desired her father and mother to assert their parental authority, and to demand obedience.

They did so—each—as commanded, but with the faltering voice of natural affection, crushed beneath the tyrannical sway of a power they had long since succumbed to.

Susanna understood it well. "Do as you will, then; but I will never marry him," she



said, gently, but with a clear steady voice, and an eye kindling with energy: "And now allow me to retire. There are yet three weeks to the monthly meeting, quite time enough to speak on such an unpleasant subject, without spending the whole evening over it."

She was then allowed to retire, and the others talked long, at least Jenefer talked, and they listened, as if spell-bound by her sanctimonious assumption of best wisdom. They resolved to keep all silence to Susanna, take it for granted she had consented, as her words, "Do as you will then," might be construed to imply, and to hasten the needful preparations.

Ralph did not at all like the method of wooing into which he had been dragged; but he reconciled it with the hope that love after marriage would be more permanent and sure than love beforehand. He never for a moment doubted that he had the attributes necessary to inspire affection. He knew the ardour of his own feelings, and could not resist the temptation to accept the lovely, albeit un-

willing bride, and the handsome portion offered to him.

The mother wept. Jenefer remonstrated on such weakness, and then she smiled faintly, and spoke of the happy future which was in store for Susanna, and the gratitude she was sure they would all feel called on to express, when the present trying time had passed away. Tears, however, would roll down, and in an agony of feeling she exclaimed: "Eustace will be very angry I am afraid, with me." The father said nothing, he mixed for himself a strong tumbler of spirits and water, and went sorrowfully to bed.

Susanna, on retiring from the room, went in search of Eustace. He had left the house, as usual, after dinner. She then repaired to her own room, locked the door, and seating herself on the side of the bed, wept long and bitterly. Relieved by the flood of tears, she rose, bathed her face, and opened the sash to inhale the breeze of evening now blowing freshly. Hour after hour passed on, and still

Susanna stood at the window. The family had retired for the night; she still stood looking at the blue vault of heaven, and noticing star after star as it visibly spangled the firmament, till all space became resplendent with those bright lamps of heavenly light. She made numerous attempts to count them, and was still attempting the impossible task, when, at long past midnight, she heard her brother's key at the hall-door. She hastened to meet him, and told him all that had occurred. His indignation equalled hers; his outbreak of anger far exceeded. "Jenefer," said he, "is a vile hypocrite, with her silent sitting for "best wisdom," her affectation of piety, her opportunities, and her preachings; she is a mean, spiteful thing. She is vexed because Ralph wont have her, for that is what she has been aiming at all along; and now that she has failed to cover her defeat, and keep him near her, she would sacrifice her only sister, of whose gentle beauty she is as jealous as she is vexed with the love and admiration it excites."

"Jenefer," said Susanna, "has indeed played very false by me, but there is great allowance to be made for her. The meeting, which approved of her ministry, and flattered her vanity by acknowledging her to be an inspired preacher, has done all the mischief. There is not one woman in a hundred whose natural vanity would not be puffed up with the knowledge that a whole congregation of sensible men and women were listening to every word that she should condescend to utter, in the approved twang, with a reverential awe, as if she was a mouth-piece of communication from Heaven direct to them. Jenefer's head is turned by this adulation, and now she actually believes herself to be inspired. No matter whether it be really mean, spiteful vexation at her own disappointment which has originated her decision to marry me to that man, still I am sure she thinks 'she is given to see' that it is for my best interest she is acting."

Eustace replied: "Well, think all the good of

her you like, you cannot make me think it. But what will you do? Submit and go before the monthly meeting, or rebel?"

"Rebel!" she said, "I will not marry him; but how shall I act? Pray advise me."

"What would you think of marrying Weyburgh?" he asked, with a smile.

"I have refused him," she replied. But the tell-tale blood mantled her cheek, and Eustacc's question was answered as he expected.

"Go to bed now," said he, "and come down to breakfast as usual. Go shopping too, if mother wishes it. Put them off their guard, and I will arrange the matter for you. You shall not be married to Moneymore, even if to escape from him, we are obliged to call in military aid. I met Weyburgh this evening, and he was planning all sorts of out-of-the-way plans to see you. He has something to say to you, which he assured me was of vital importance."

Susanna retired, but not to sleep. Fear, hope, and love agitated her mind, and banished the soft influence of "nature's sweet restorer."

She spent the morning with her mother, going from shop to shop, scarcely speaking, but obedient to all her directions, and giving her opinion when asked for, as one after another addition to her already well stocked wardrobe was being made. Eustace had gone out immediately after breakfast, and did not return till night. Ralph, too, had modestly absented himself.

Time passed slowly, and an aching head, added to the anxious care of her heart, inclined Susanna to seek her own apartment at an early hour. On her toilette lay a letter. It had not been there ten minutes before, when she had been in her room—no matter : first locking her door carefully, she read and re-read it. It was another, and a more earnest, entreaty from Captain Weyburgh, that she would consent to marry him without asking, or being refused, the approbation of her parents. The letter was written just at the time when she was undergoing the trying scene in the drawing-room, as already described, and Weyburgh

was quite ignorant of the tyranny to which she was subjected. Susanna was well inclined to accede to the proposal now. When first made, although she knew that her affections were irretrievably gone, she shrank from the idea of a clandestine marriage—now, that was a trifling consideration, when weighed against a hateful union.

Stratagem and secrecy were repugnant to Susanna's open, confiding temper, but she was compelled to adopt them. Jenefer watched her with unceasing perseverance, and had she had the remotest idea of the existence of a secret lover, she would not have allowed her to go out of her sight.

It was evening, a few days after the revelation of Jenefer's scheme, that Eustace asked Susanna to come and take a long walk with him. She promptly accepted the proposal. "I will go with you," said Jenefer.

"Indeed, you will do no such thing," said Eustace. "One woman is quite enough for me to take care of. I only asked Susanna,"

he added, to distract her attention, "because she looks so dolorous—almost as miserable as if she was sentenced to execution. Be quick, child," he said, "and do not put on your poke bonnet, or I won't have you, either."

Jenefer was mortified, but judged it wiser to say nothing; so she contented herself with a very pious shrug of her shoulders, turning up her eyes, and sighing deeply, to indicate her mourning in spirit over the wilful and ungracious objects of her "burdened travail."

Captain Weyburgh soon joined the brother and sister. He was too glad of the advantage it gave him to be very sorry when told of the Ralph Moneymore plot. He saw at a glance that his own star was in the ascendant, and to secure the advantages it gave him was the point to which he bent all his attention.

It is needless to repeat all that was said. Suffice it, the arrangements were made, and that day week, at eight o'clock in the morning, Susanna and her brother were met at the door of St. Peter's church, by the captain and his



sister, who had come from London only the day before. She kindly embraced Susanna, told her she had long known her well, from her brother's description, and she assured her of a cordial welcome from all the Weyburgh family. Thus cheered, and upheld by her own simple confidence in the faith and love of him to whose strong arm she now fled for protection; and her act approved of by her brother, the only member of her family whom she believed to be capable of forming a wise and independent judgment on any subject, Susanna tried to still the beating of her heart, and to stem the torrents which poured from her eyes, as now, without a father's benediction, or a mother's kiss of love, she spoke the solemn words which bound her for life to another. The ceremony ended, the husband and wife separated at the church door as they had previously arranged, Susanna and her brother returning home, their absence unnoticed, except by the servants.

Oh! what thoughts now whirled through

the brain of the poor girl. She was no longer a quaker. She had broken through the hedge—had knelt in a church, and heard prayers read by one of the “tithe-mongering parsons.” She was a wife, the wife of an officer—a soldier’s bride—that vulgar thing, all covered with red and gold. She must soon leave her father’s house. How should she part? Would they kiss and bless her, now that the past was irrevocable? Would they forgive her, and blame themselves for insisting on her marrying Ralph Moneymore? She wept much—then, feeling the ring which encircled her finger, she felt the necessity of concealing that token of her morning’s employment. To a thread of black silk, suspended round her neck, she entrusted the precious treasure, and then, overcome by her feelings and long wakefulness, she lay down on the bed, and sunk into a heavy lethargic slumber.

## CHAPTER III.

“As baptism is putting on Christ, giving up our names to him, being admitted as his disciples, and a publick confession of his doctrine, so the renouncing of baptism is as publick a disowning of him, and a formal apostasy from his religion.”—LESLIE.

THE day preceding the monthly meeting on which Jenefer had arranged that her sister's presentation of marriage should take place, had now arrived. No further mention of that event had been made to Susanna, nor any opportunity afforded for her declaring positively, as she had resolved to do, that she would not submit to it. The preparations were carried on, but without speaking of the purpose designed; and as Susanna was quite willing to have a well supplied wardrobe, she made no objection whatever to fitting and trying on the numerous dresses which her

mother had selected, and desired her to have made up. She had said when the Friends' bonnets were being ordered: "When I am my own mistress I will never wear one of them;" but even Jenefer smiled at this, for she judged that time would never come. Ralph's wife must be consistent, or how could he get on in the men's meeting? Besides, Jenefer quite meant to govern and dictate in her sister's house as well as in her father's.

Susanna's altered manner had been noticed, and given them all great pleasure. She was no longer miserable looking. A smile was often seen to wreath itself in exquisite beauty round her mouth, as imagination led her to the scenes of happiness her husband's tongue had so eloquently portrayed. Her look of thoughtful anxiety, too, was only natural. Jenefer liked it, and told her mother she thought it very becoming in one so soon to assume the duties of a matron, and she trusted the weightier duties of a staid female Friend.

They were sitting round the tea-table, Eus-

tace absent; he had only just left the house, thinking, as the whole day had passed over without mention of the monthly meeting or of the presentation, that the scheme was postponed for awhile, when Martha Sillington spoke as follows: "Susanna dear, to-morrow will be an eventful day for thee. The presentation of marriage is a very serious event in thy life. I hope thou art endeavouring after that weighty feeling of solemnity which our precious discipline enjoins, and that thou hast sought after 'counsel and clearness.' I have observed a shrinking from even the mention of thy intended husband's name, which, it seems to me, thou hast almost carried beyond the extent of due modesty. I fear Ralph may be distressed by it, and I wish to say, that after to-morrow's ceremony there will be no occasion for thee to avoid his affectionate attentions. Indeed, I would desire thee to reciprocate them more decidedly than thou hast yet done. Cold manners in an affianced bride are unbecoming, and might be construed into heartlessness."

Jenefer, who never thought any one could "tender admonition" so cleverly as herself, now interposed and said: "It is very important that the appearance of bashfulness which Susanna knows so well how to assume should not be carried so far as to offend the feelings of the Friend who has honoured her with his choice. The dignity of woman, and that elevation in the scale of being which our Society affords to females, requires that the weakness which vain women so readily yield to, be overcome. A staid deportment at all times, and a resolute upholding of our firm determination is becoming to us, and when one of our members childishly gives way to tears and nervous tremblings, it brings discredit on us all in degree. We should show ourselves above such feebleness, and so indicate by our deportment that we are helpmeets indeed."

Oh! how Susanna's heart beat now. The dreaded hour was come. It was well for her that she possessed some of that firmness of purpose and indomitable pride which Jenefer deemed so becoming in a woman. Still she

could scarce speak, with the choking fear of letting the truth of her situation be known. Almost inarticulately, she said: "Mother dear, I have never consented to marry Ralph Money-more. I distinctly told him I would never be his wife."

"Oh! but that does not signify at all," said her mother, smiling, but evidently anxious. "We told him thou would. He knows very well that thou wast only bashful, and he told me he likes thee all the better for it."

"But, mother dear, listen to me. I cannot marry him."

"Cannot!" said the mother. "Why? This is nonsense. It is well he is not here to listen to such a silly affectation of modesty. I hope to-morrow will see an end put for ever to thy childishness."

"Mother, dear mother," she said, "it is utterly impossible! I have told you all so, over and over again. No earthly power can force me to marry Ralph Moneymore."

"But thee must," answered her mother, very angrily. "All the needful arrangements

are made. Thy aunt Stephenson and Reuben are prepared to accompany us into the monthly meeting. The clerks have had due notice served, and our guests are invited to dinner. I am ashamed of thee, indeed I am; but we will not suffer thee to make fools of us in this way. Yes—thee may cry as much as thee likes, but submit, thee must; and after all, there is no use in going on so foolishly, for we all know very well, that, in reality, thee is like every other young Friend, only too glad to be the favoured of the whole meeting.”

“Although you drag me into the monthly meeting, I cannot, and will not go through the ceremony. You cannot make me speak the words,” she said, and sunk weeping into an arm-chair. Jenefer, meantime, looked like the concentration of rage. She had not expected or prepared for such determination of purpose. The emphasis which Susanna had repeatedly placed on the words, “I cannot,” had struck ominously on her ear, and originated an idea of the real state of the case. She had, before now, noticed the black thread



round Susanna's neck, and asked "why she wore it?" Now she flew across the room, and madly snatching the thread up, showed the gold ring suspended on it. "Girl," she screamed, "what is this? Speak, I command thee; what does this mean?"

Susanna roused herself by a strong effort, seized the glittering object of her sister's wrath, and snapping the string, placed it upon her finger. A cold thrill passed through her frame, succeeded instantaneously by a burning glow, which seemed to give her the strength of body needful in such a trying moment, and rendered her beauty as startingly brilliant as a few moments before it was downcast and timid. "It means," she said, in a low, musical, and tremulous voice, "that I am married already, Father," and she knelt before him, "pardon me. They drove me to it. Father, dear father, one kind word, and I will tell thee all."

"My poor child," he began, placing his hand on her head; but Jenefer snatched it

away, and putting her hand on his lips: "Be silent, father. This is no time for weakness," she said, or rather screamed. "Get up out of that, wretched creature! On thy knees, like a Papist?" And she spurned the supplicating form of her lovely sister with her knee. "Get up out of that, I say, and confess at once what thee has done! who has thee married? Let there be no mock-modesty, now—speak, I say! for know I will, who it is that has connived with thee to destroy the respectability of our family."

She paused for breath, and Susanna, casting a glance of most loving import to her mother, and still holding her father's knee, now looked up; and with a heightened colour, and a flashing eye, that rendered her beauty almost burning, spoke. Her voice was calm, and although her frame trembled with emotion, her words flowed in an unembarrassed stream. "Father—mother! I owe it to you to tell it all. Never daughter loved her parents with more fond affection than I love you."

"Hush!" interrupted Jenefer, "no canting; say the name of the man—there is nothing more wanted of thee."

Susanna neither looked at her nor made any reply to her, but simply continued her tale. The parents listened, confounded and overwhelmed with unutterable dismay. No word of censure escaped their lips. They felt their own fault; their hearts told them that the bow had been overstrained, and consequently the string had snapped. The contrast between their two daughters was never before so glaring. One looking like a proud discomfited demon, before whose malignant influence they shrunk, but dared not resist:—the other, gentle, loving, and beautiful as angels, when we dream of their heavenly grace, kneeling before them, awoke only feelings of love and pity, and intense regret at the mad folly of the step she had taken to avert what they thought a small evil—if evil it was to be considered at all. She ceased, after telling everything except the name of her husband.

"Who is the man?" shouted Jenefer. "Be quick, and tell his name. Some low fellow, that thee is already ashamed of; of course, none but a low fellow would marry thee in such a disreputable way," and she laughed like a fiend in her passion.

Susanna replied: "I will answer my father when he asks me."

"Answer me," she said. "He shall not open his lips to such a wretch, such a disgrace as thee is."

"Unless my father or mother ask me," said Susanna, "I will not reveal the name of my dear and honoured husband."

"Tell me, my poor darling?" said the father.

She smiled sweetly, albeit sadly, as she took his hand, and kissing it, said, "Captain Henry Weyburgh, of the — Lancers."

He groaned, and lay back in his chair. The mother uttered a slight scream of horror, and shut her eyes, as if to shut out the dreadful news, whilst Jenefer raged with ungoverned fury. "Begone!" she yelled; "begone,

miserable creature, leave the house thee has disgraced! A soldier—a vulgar soldier! My sister married to a common soldier! What will the Friends say? What will they think? I had a thousand times rather thee was dead. Go; leave the house, I say! Get up out of that,” and she roughly caught Susanna’s arm. “Off, off, and never let us see thy wicked face again!”

“Father,” said Susanna, “am I to go? Dear father, speak, and tell me, must I leave thy house—now—it is very late, almost night—may I not remain until the morning, father? Until Eustace comes home, father? May I not, father?”

Jenefer had been whispering to her mother, she now started up, and said: “No; thee is a bad girl: go away at once and for ever—go to the soldiers;” and tossing her head back, she laughed, in the excess of her wrath, with that low cackling sound, which distorts the features, and gives the auditors a thrill of horror.

“Father,” Susanna again began, but Jenefer caught her arm. “Go to thy room this instant—go!” and she dragged her to the door. “I will send for a car; and thee, go put on thy bonnet, and leave us.”

Susanna went to her room. She hastily attired herself, and selecting a few necessary articles, was putting them in a trunk, whilst sadly thinking where she should go, when the door opened, and her father entered, with a tottering step and frightened look. Jenefer’s step following rapidly, made Susanna instantly fly to turn the key in the lock; she thundered at the door, vociferating her commands to her father to let her in, or to come out himself.

He was almost overcome with fear and emotion; but still, his own parental love, and Susanna’s pleading voice, upheld him. Speaking through the door, he said: “Jenefer, cease. Thee shall not come in. I will do what I choose. Go, stay with thy poor mother; Susanna will soon be ready to go.” Then, embracing the poor trembler, he said, “I am not

going to blame thee, darling. I blame myself much more; but they deceived me. May the Lord bless thee, and make thy husband kind to thee. Take this, dear," and he put a roll of bank-notes into her hand; "it is all I have by me—about fifty pounds. Go now to the hotel in Sackville-street: order apartments there, and, as soon as possible, write a note to thy husband, and bid him come to thee. Either Eustace or I will see thee to-morrow; and now, darling, farewell. Do not forget thy own fond father; and be sure he will never forget thee, or cease to love thee."

Again Jenefer's voice was heard. Her very step on the stairs indicated the fierce passion which now o'ermastered all her formal precision of manner. "Come!" she shouted; "the car is at the door."

A fond kiss to her father, and whispered expression of gratitude for his kindness in forgiving her, and Susanna, who little expected such a loving and free pardon from him, with a lightened heart, opened the door, looking, to

Jenefer's horror, as calm and self-possessed as ever. "Send one of the servants to carry this trunk, Jenefer," she said.

"Carry it thyself, or leave it," was the reply.

"No," said Susanna; "I will wait here until it is put in the car."

Jenefer was obliged to yield. Then, with a steady step, and a tearful eye, Susanna walked on. She halted at the parlour door. "I must bid my mother farewell," she said.

"No!" screamed Jenefer. "Thou shalt not."

"I will not go into the car until I have seen my mother."

The father thrust Jenefer aside, and opened the parlour door for her. She went over to the sofa, on which her mother was weeping. "Mother! dearest mother!" she said, "I am come to say farewell. Will thee forgive me, mother? Speak one word to me, dear mother, that I may remember for ever; one kind word, mother, to thy own child!"



The mother raised herself, and looking with sadness on the suppliant, stretched out her hand; but Jenefer was by her side in a moment. "Mother," she said, "be firm. Let no infirmity of purpose lead thee to sanction such a disgraceful departure from our rules. It is thy duty to manifest a holy displeasure. Show this wicked young woman that thee, at least, is incapable of countenancing vice. Bid her go to the soldiers."

The mother did not articulate a word, except "Farewell!" She was afraid of Jenefer. Susanna, still holding her hand, kissed her lips, and she received a warm kiss in return, and a warm and affectionate pressure of the hand, which told the mother's feeling, so far as that weak-minded mother dared to own maternal love, in the presence of her tyrannical directress.

And now Susanna turned to leave the home of her infancy, alone, and at night. Her father handed her into the car, although Jenefer tried to pull him back into the house; and again

and again he kissed, and invoked a blessing on her.

Scarcely had the sound of the wheels died away in the distance when Eustace returned home, impelled by one of those unaccountable and inexplicable impressions on the mind, which occasionally urge us to perform acts or to prepare for events of which we have had no previous knowledge. To find his mother in strong hysterics, his father wholly regardless of her, absorbed in his own agonizing reflections, Susanna absent, and Jenefer swelling with impotent rage, was indicative enough of the fact that Susanna's marriage was now discovered.

Eustace inquired the particulars as quietly as if he knew nothing about it; and Jenefer was rejoiced to tell them with her own peculiar colouring attached. "The unfortunate creature," she said, "has married a common soldier, and she is gone off to live in the barracks with him."

"'Tis false, Jenefer," said her father, sternly.

"She has married a gentleman, a captain in the army, and she is now at the hotel in Sackville-street." He then told Eustace of Jenefer's inhuman conduct. He blamed himself and his wife, and acquitted Susanna, saying, he would never forgive himself for having allowed Jenefer to tyrannize over her sister as she had done; or for having yielded to her suggestions, and fallen into the trap she had set for them. Then the poor man, reeling under the misery of his mind, fell to the ground in a violent fit of paralysis. Eustace hastened to procure medical aid, and the mother was effectually roused from her hysterical weeping by this demand for her prompt services. With a troubled heart and a faltering step she performed the requisite attentions.

Both parents shrunk from Jenefer. The spell was now broken. They saw her as she was, a passionate, malicious, envious, ambitious woman, self-opinionated and over-bearing. No longer the inspired minister, the channel whence flowed "best wisdom;" they felt she

had wrecked their happiness, and yet they blamed her not, for she was what they had made her; they had exalted her, and puffed her up by submitting to her "inspirations" on all occasions, and now sorrow of heart was their portion.

Susanna, having followed her father's directions, was soon joined by Weyburgh, whose delight at getting her away from the Friends at last was unbounded. She, too, was happy. The termination of her secret had been so infinitely better than her wildest hopes had anticipated. What signified the unpleasant part? that was over for ever. She had received her father's fondest blessing, and a kiss of reconciliation from her mother. The recollection was happiness in itself; and now love reigned triumphant—tears were easily wiped away, and replaced by the sunny smiles of hope.

The following morning Eustace called on them. He refrained from clouding Susanna's happy face by talking of her father's illness; but as they spoke of the scenes she had passed

through the evening before, the tears again rose to her eyes, and would not be restrained. She mentioned the hope she cherished of seeing her father again, but he bade her not expect it, and reminding her how liable Friends were to be severely dealt with themselves, if they countenanced any one who "married out," he said: "I will watch over your interests every way, and I doubt will Madam Jenefer conquer any more. Her sway over my father is ended for ever."

When Jenefer had assisted in attending on her father, and her mother, almost exhausted by the events of the day, had retired to seek a sleepless pillow, she prepared to watch all night by the bed-side of the sick man. The silence was intense. She could not sink into nothingness now. No; the busy brain was whirling in a tempest of confusion. She was most unhappy. Her father had treated her as he never had before, since she became a preacher. The sting of wounded pride was piercing. Her authority had been contested;

but for that, she would yet struggle. Her father's illness was peculiarly well-timed for her, as no Friend need know of the decline of her home influence; but how should she account to the meeting for what had happened? How inform Ralph? How put off the expected guests? And oh! more bitter far than all, how could she bear to have it known that she—the naturally strong-minded woman, the medium of especial communication for the whole Society with heaven, the family treasurer of “best wisdom”—had made so sad a mistake? Who would give her credit for spiritual discernment now, when she had failed to act with even common sense in her own family? She had often boastingly told her own immediate companions how she was anxiously, and through much difficulty, securing her dear sister's best interests, by effecting her marriage with that worthy young man, Ralph Money-more.

Confident of success in her scheme, she had made Susanna's disinclination to the con-

nexion a topic of conversation, that she might hereafter get credit for true wisdom, when the knot was indissolubly tied, and the galling chain had, as she believed it would, bent her victim into the resigned and calm appearance which so often covers up the wreck of happiness, and which is so often mistaken for content.

Besides this, Jenefer detested the army in an especial manner. In this she carried out the views of Friends to the letter. "Hired assassins," "red murderers," were they all; and George Fox, although he did try to prompt the Protector to the most bloody wars, had afterwards, when Charles the Second ascended the throne, and loyalty was politic, recorded in his journal that he "was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, wars," &c.

To be obliged to confess that her own brother-in-law was a soldier, was humiliating in the extreme. Again, Jenefer thought, would Susanna's conduct affect the acceptability of

her ministry? It ought not, she fancied, but Friends generally receive with caution the lip offerings of those whose immediate relatives have brought scandal on "the cause of truth."\* No feeling of sisterly affection troubled the heart of this self-righteous schemer. No regret for the loss of Susanna personally troubled her. Her beauty being removed from such close contrast, was not an unpleasant reflection; but the attendant circumstances more than counteracted this slight gleam of comfort. But Jenefer must not sit thinking all night—she must act. Her father slept heavily now, therefore she supplied herself with writing materials at his bed-side, and commenced her task. First to Ralph. And hope mingled with her vexation, as she thought, perhaps Ralph may cling to me for comfort now, as that pretty chit is for ever gone out of his sight. She would be very tender to him. Circumstances warranted her

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\* "The cause of truth," in quaker language, means the "cause of quakerism."



addressing him as a dear brother; so she wrote to him thus:

My very dear and esteemed Friend,

I regret the necessity which lies upon me to communicate anything that can distress thee. I trust thou wilt recognise the hand of an overruling Providence in this dispensation. I am enabled to do so, and thereby greatly strengthened. My poor misguided sister has wandered from the fold. We have not yet heard how she was beguiled, but no extenuating circumstance can excuse her conduct. She has deceived us all. She is married to a common soldier, and gone off. My dear brother—for surely I may call thee by this endearing appellation,—be comforted; she was not worthy of thee. Come to me, and I will let thee know all the particulars. My father was so shocked by her unprincipled conduct, that he yielded too much to anger, although in such a case anger is righteous, and I am sorry to say he has had an attack of paralysis. Friends must be informed of this

at once. It will account for there being no presentation to-morrow at the monthly meeting, and we can arrange matters more leisurely afterwards. We are called on, dear Ralph, to evince great strength of mind, under the weight of this grievous dispensation, but I trust we shall experience an upholding, and be preserved from sorrowing over much.

Thy ever affectionate Friend and sister,

JENEFER SILLINGTON.

Then she wrote to her aunt Stephenson, requesting her to inform the clerks of the meeting that her father had been suddenly seized with paralysis, and that therefore the ceremony must be adjourned. To Peggy Austin she also sent a note, giving her such details as she wished should be circulated at the monthly meeting.

This necessary business transacted, Jenefer sunk back into her easy chair; she thought, and thought again, until tears at last burst their strong barriers, and rolled in torrents down her cheeks. When had she wept before? Memory could not tell. Eustace had fre-

quently said he believed the formation of her eyes was different from that of others, and that when she died, he would have a post-mortem examination made, to discover if the lachrymal duct was altogether deficient. Now it seemed as if the pent-up floods of years had suddenly overflowed; and Jenefer was softened by the unusual feeling. She resisted it as a duty attached to her office of minister, and incompatible with that stern strength of mind which she conceived evinced "the perfection" she had attained unto. She had made a grievous mistake, and all the meeting would know of it sooner or later. Pride was fallen; but pride will not stay long down. It is something of the nature of Indian rubber, it will spring up again. Jenefer's soon rebounded back to its own abode, and only lay quiet until invigorated for another effort.

Susanna was soon settled in elegant lodgings, and introduced to a circle of acquaintances totally unlike any she had ever previously mingled with. The colonel's wife, Lady Har-

riet Murray, was aunt to Captain Weyburgh. She had been the confidante of her nephew's romantic love for the young quakeress, and had endeavoured to dissuade him from indulging it, as an impossibility for himself, and, even if possible, an unsuitable connexion for either. Now, however, that the fact was accomplished, she resolved to befriend the young bride, and therefore all her influence was exerted to place Susanna in a favourable position. Her kind and affectionate manner was most gratefully appreciated; and her advice was esteemed, and considered as judicious as it was agreeable. That Weyburgh should get leave of absence, and take his bride and sister to London: introduce her to his family; and if, as she anticipated, a regimental life was not agreeable to Susanna, then that he should sell out, and, having ample property to do so, purchase an estate and live on it. One more interview with Eustace, one long visit from Paulina Bird, and Susanna left her native land, ignorant of her father's illness,

and rejoicing in his forgiveness and blessing—her brother's true affection—and delighting in the belief that her mother would think of her only with love and fondness. She laughed to think of Ralph's disappointment, and rather enjoyed the discomfiture of Jenefer; whilst to be away from the kind remarks of Friends was pleasant. She recollected that it would be an agreeable thing for them to have so exciting a topic of conversation, and one so capable of yielding protracted enjoyment, as the story of her extraordinary marriage into the army. There seemed to be no cause for regret on any side, and Susanna gladly welcomed the happiness which waited on her footsteps now.

Years rolled on. Susanna's rectitude of conduct, and amiability, secured her the respect and esteem of all her associates. Her husband almost idolized her, and gratified all her wishes with the most prompt affection, even although to do so his commission had to be given up; for Lady Harriet's opinion proved

correct — Susanna could not reconcile her habits to the life of an army lady.

On one point, Captain Weyburgh had yielded to his wife sorely against his own conviction. This was the baptism of their children. With all the tenacity of quakerism, Susanna had maintained the inutility of such a ceremony. She attended church regularly, and had learned to love the Book of Common Prayer, once the object of her unmitigated contempt; but it was because her husband requested her to accompany him, and the beautifully-bound volume in her hand was his gift. He was a thoughtful man, and valued his commission in the army of the Lord far more highly than he did the epaulettes on his shoulders.

Susanna had greatly retrograded in a serious point of view. Her mind, once so inquiring, now seemed impassive to religious impressions. She neither sat in silent waiting before the Lord, nor knelt in humble prayer, except in the public congregation. Her time and thoughts

were all engrossed by her husband—now becoming very delicate—her children, her house, and her large circle of acquaintances—friends, they called themselves. There was no room in her heart for God.

Her father had died in less than a year after her marriage. He had not completed his will; but Eustace, knowing his intentions, had acted strictly on them, and sent her the three thousand pounds originally set apart for her marriage portion. Her mother had also now sunk into the grave, having once, when Jenefer had gone to attend a distant quarterly meeting, taken the opportunity of her absence to send Susanna a valuable present, and a letter replete with love and blessings, entreating that no reply might be returned, nothing but a newspaper to indicate its safe arrival.

Eustace had gone to America, first settling two hundred pounds a year on Jenefer for her life, to revert to Susanna and her children at her death, for which this strong-minded Friend did not deign even to thank him, the reversion was so distasteful an addition to the gift.

Susanna had never entered into the vortex of fashionable life—its charms had no relish for her. Quiet, useful, and domestic was the round of her daily avocations; but her spiritual life was torpid, until the alarming fact of her beloved husband's near approaching death roused her feelings.

Consumption—an hereditary disease—had worked its slow and insidious way almost unperceived; and when at length medical aid was confessed to be useless, and the conscious invalid had himself informed Susanna of the parting so soon to be, she was overwhelmed with her distress, and in anguish of heart, and deep self-reproach, she listened, and bowed herself to the inevitable woe.

The silent watching at night, and the enforced calmness of demeanour by day, compelled Susanna now to resign that bustling activity which had so distorted her mental vision, and obscured her view of the unseen world. With horror she saw now how her years had been wasted on the earth and its attractions. With terror she felt how she had



neglected even the thought of her dear husband's salvation, and now she was ashamed to ask him, was he afraid to die? For if she had cared for his soul, why had she not interested herself about its welfare when there was time to do so? Death! death! the thought was appalling. Eternity was opening wide its portals for him she loved to enter in, and which eternity was it to be—an eternity of happiness or of misery? She, too, must soon follow; and her darlings, her children, consumption was in their blood too. The foundation of Susanna's happiness was shaken; she felt the superstructure she had raised and rejoiced in crumbling beneath her. She seemed falling, and each she best loved seemed falling with her, into that dread abyss which she had been forewarned of, and been offered the means of escape from.

Agonized with the sense of her own unfaithfulness to the most important part of her duty as a wife, a mother, and a religious professor, Susanna silently wept as she per-

formed the careful and tender duties of a nurse. No word escaped the lips of her dying husband that could satisfy her as to the state of his mind. His affection for her was manifested in a thousand ways. His entire reliance on her prudence, and his confidence in her uprightness, were now but a fresh wound to her heart, newly awakened to feel its own innate worthlessness—a more piercing sting to that conscience which had so long slumbered at its post, and was only aroused when too late to repair the evil which neglect had strengthened or created.

A worthy minister of religion had sought the sufferer's death couch, and had spoken there those words which shed peace and an holy calmness on the hour of nature's dire extremity; but Susanna was not present. Exhausted with fatigue, she had sunk into a short forgetfulness of her trouble, and when she awoke the clergyman had gone away.

Lady Harriet, her most true friend, had been present, and told her of the comfort

which Weyburgh had appeared to receive, as they commemorated at his bedside the dying love of the Saviour of men, and how he had expressed his pleasure, that she, his wife was absent at the time, lest it might shock, or annoy the peculiar religious ideas she entertained.

The narration gave no comfort to Susanna. A death-bed ceremony—what could that do for an immortal soul? She shuddered to think her husband should seek to any mortal for aid, at such an awful moment. She longed to speak to him of Jesus, but her tongue was unused to speak the name, and would not obey her wishes. Besides, would not even Weyburgh, her fond husband, who had ever acted to her, and spoken of her, as one superior to her sex, in all points, would not even he think her a hypocrite, should she, having never before done so, now speak on the state of his soul, or presume to point out to him the way of salvation? No—her tongue was tied. She would have given worlds to know was Jesus

the Lord of his heart, but she could not bring herself to ask him.

Three days more dragged their slow moments by, as in weary, watchful tears, and heart-breaking self-condemnation, Susanna sat beside the expiring form of her husband, none conscious of her mental suffering, none imagining that the calm, tearful exterior, covered up a chaos of conflicting and o'ermastering thoughts. He beckoned her to his side, again blessed, and thanked her for the true love and affection with which she had made his life so happy; again praised her for the faithful performance of her duties as a wife and a mother, lacerating her heart by such commendation, which she knew in its highest sense was most undeserved; and then, as a last favour, asking her, for his sake, to permit their children to be baptized. "Grant me your promise, Susan, dear?" he said; "you little know what an ease to my mind it would be, had I seen that Christian duty performed at their births for our darlings."

"It shall be, dearest," she replied. "Do you wish anything else?"

"Yes," he murmured, faintly; "I do wish that you too were baptized."

"Oh! do not ask me that," she said. "How could I submit myself to such a rite?"

"Well, dearest," he said, "I must not urge it on you. I know you will do what is right, and you understand more than I do; but will you sometimes think of my wish on the subject? Farewell, true and faithful, most lovely and beloved wife, farewell. We shall meet again in the realms of glory, and you will bring our children with you." The last effort was made, and Henry Weyburgh, in his thirty-ninth year, gently sighed, and so passed from time to eternity.

Susanna performed her duties mechanically. She smiled through her tears on her children. She was most gracious to her numerous kind visitors, but she was utterly miserable in the consciousness of her own sinful disregard of the welfare of those immortal

souls, over which she had been entrusted with influence.

Before long, it was necessary to search for some papers concerning property matters, and Susanna shut herself up in her poor Henry's room, resolved to perform the task herself. Amongst his papers she found a sealed letter addressed to herself. It had been written about a month before his death. In it he entreated her forgiveness for concealing from her, in some degree, the state of his affairs, which were much embarrassed, from different causes, all which were mentioned. He could not bear to distress her, he said. The letter also told how, unwilling to say anything which might jar against her religious feelings, he had suffered much regret at the want of Christian communion. He mourned the chasm which educational differences had originated between him and the beloved of his heart; and whilst he most humbly depreciated his own spiritual attainments, and cast himself entirely as a worthless and lost sinner, wholly

dependant on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, the Saviour of men, he gave her credit for advanced spiritual holiness, and deemed her silence on the subject of religion was the natural result of her peculiar dogmas. He spoke of the comfort he had derived from prayer, and entreated her to teach his children to kneel before the footstool of the Almighty, for, he wrote, "they may not be able to attain to your standard of holiness, and I owe all my comfort now, in the prospect of death, to the habit of prayer, which my mother taught me when a child. When I felt my lost state, and found you, dear Susan, averse to speaking on religious subjects, I came to my closet, and kneeling sought and found the angel of the Covenant, who has, I humbly believe, redeemed me from mine iniquity."

This letter was balm to Susanna's mind. Her Henry was safe in the City of Refuge. His trust had not been placed in mere ceremonies; man was not his Saviour. And she was humbled to the dust by the unmerited

praise which he had bestowed on her, and the bitter consciousness of her own backsliding. She knelt, and prayed, and wept before the Lord. She renounced her treacherous self, and asked for guidance. "Search the Scriptures," sounded in her ear. She started, and looked around. Was it but memory recalled the words of the text? It seemed something more; but enough, she would search.



## CHAPTER IV.

“Those essential points of doctrine on which the Society is divided admit of no compromise. Nothing is more prejudicial to the mind, in reference to religion, than settling down upon a conventional or traditional faith, and thus accepting, as gospel truth, that which is asserted to be such, without examining the grounds on which these assertions rest. This believing by proxy may be better suited to the natural indolence of man, than a diligent and prayerful examination of Holy Scripture ; but the one will keep the mind in a state of dangerous ignorance, accessible to every error, while the other will make us ‘wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.’”—  
RICHARD BALL.

It was soon evident that Susanna must leave her elegant home, and learn to accommodate herself to comparatively straitened circumstances. The privations attendant on loss of wealth, however, scarcely cost her a sigh. Her happiness was not dependent on riches. To educate her three children, and live in the

utmost privacy, was her wish; and to prepare herself and them for the hour when they should be called to meet their lost one, was her business now on earth. Having renounced all self-dependence, and resolved to trust to the Saviour of men alone for deliverance, her self-accusation now took another very plausible phase. She felt she had grievously erred in doing nothing: that her faith was fruitless—a mere barren stock. Now, she would co-operate with the Spirit, and, in her warmth of feeling, she hurried into the common mistake, that her co-operation was essential to her soul's salvation. Owing to her very imperfect religious education, she had great difficulty now in forming her own mind; and it was often painful to find that her well-intended resolves were fallacious—her best efforts unproductive.

She settled in a small cottage near the Islington Road, London. The gay friends of the captain's beautiful and wealthy lady had fallen away from the poor widow and her children. Lady Harriet Murray alone re-

mained true as ever, and more kind and deferential than before. She knew of the heart-struggle going on: she knew of the high resolve; and she saw that the clouds of adversity were a necessary preparation for the sunshine of true peace; and that the bodily exertion demanded of Susanna would be useful in strengthening the vigour of her resolution. She frequently visited the cottage, and one day brought with her the rector of the parish—a good old man. Susanna had often been in company with clergymen; but this was the first really pastoral visit she had received.

After some preliminary conversation, in which his true Christian kindness was developed, Susanna, knowing the purpose for which Lady Harriet had introduced him, and having resolved to trust no longer to her own feelings, told him of her deceased husband's wish, that her children should be baptized, and added that it was now her wish to have the ceremony performed.

Mr. Reynolds, in surprise, inquired how it happened that it was not already done; and begged her to state why she had neglected compliance with this ordinance of Christ?

Susanna would have preferred saying nothing on the subject. Henry had requested that his children should be baptized, and his dying request was almost sacred in her eyes; but when told of her having been a quaker, Mr. Reynolds urged her to inform him why the Friends so determinately refuse baptism, and why they consider a ceremony which the Lord Jesus, who is our example in all things, himself observed, as so wrong, that they even expel from amongst them any who may think it a duty to obey the Scriptures on this point? "Pray tell me, my friend," said he, "what has originated this departure from the universal practice of the Christian church?"

"Friends have many objections to water baptism," replied Susanna. "They say, 'that being an outward ceremony, and a relic of Judaism, it is no part of the spiritual dis-

pensation of the gospel of the New Testament.' Also, 'that it is plainly repugnant to right reason, as well as to the Scripture testimony, to affirm that to be a spiritual ordinance now which was a carnal ordinance before.' Also, 'that the text upon which the whole superstructure of water-baptism rests, is Matt. xxviii. 19, and that there is nothing to prove that water is here meant, since the text is silent about it.'" (Barclay on Baptism, p. 435.)

"But," said Mr. Reynolds, "how do you understand St. Peter's exhortation in his sermon, Acts ii. 28, 'Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins?'"

"Friends say, that 'Peter may have meant water, but' that 'we are to keep Christ's commands alone, and as that does not mention water, we do not feel bound to adopt the usual interpretation of it.' 'It remains to be proved,' says Barclay (page 448), 'that he did it by virtue of his commission, or that

Peter's baptizing some with water makes it a standing ordinance of his church.'

"But the origin of Friends' refusal of the rite of baptism is to be found in the first few pages of George Fox's Journal. The Scripture arguments of Barclay are only for the purpose of more firmly establishing his predetermination. When he was yet quite a young man, he tells us, that, on many different occasions, the Lord, in an especial manner, opened up his understanding to the true meaning of the Bible. He did not know the Bible at the time; but that afterwards he found that, *if spiritually understood*, the Bible was quite in accordance with the revelations previously made to him. He says, 'In the year 1648, as I was sitting in a Friend's house in Nottinghamshire, I saw there was a great crack to go through the earth, and a great smoke to go as the crack went, and that after the crack there should be a great shaking. This was the earth in people's hearts, which was to be shaken before the seed of God was raised out of the

earth.' Then he had many other especial heavenly revelations; he says, 'I saw the states of both priests and people, of physicians and lawyers, how the physicians were out of wisdom, the lawyers out of equity, and the priests out of faith: the Lord said unto me I was to bring them off from all the world's fellowships, prayings, and singings, which stood in forms without power.' He enumerates a long list of things, and amongst them was 'baptisms, and sprinkling of infants, which put the priests, professors, and people of all sorts into a rage; but many people felt the weight of truth's testimony.'"

"I was not before aware,' said Mr. Reynolds, "that the Friends claimed miraculous revelations of the Divine will for their peculiar doctrines. Is it not a sign of Antichrist, to claim or need a foundation beyond what God has revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures?"

"Every single one of Friends' peculiar doctrines and practices has been the subject of an

especial revelation to George Fox, or his contemporaries," replied Susanna. "The 'thee' and 'thou,' the hat, &c. &c., are each particularized in the first twenty-four pages of his Journal, as being so needful to salvation as to need a peculiar and visible manifestation to him of the Lord's will."

"And are you, my friend," said Mr. Reynolds, "so sure of the reality of these visions, as to cling to George Fox's teaching on them all, including even the subject of baptism?"

"No," she replied, "I have long ceased to give any credit to the miracles of George Fox, and his very assumption of immediate converse with God, and of miraculous power to discern spirits, cure diseases, shake the spires of the churches, &c. &c., has inclined me to doubt the truth of any of the doctrines he taught, so far as they are exclusively his. Besides, the flagrant cheat he practised on his followers in publishing 'The Battle-door,' a folio volume, on 'The Thee and Thou,' in which he pretended to have the gift of tongues, shows that



he was a most unprincipled man. There are, I think, thirty-two languages in it, and for a long time it was thought his work, although every one knew he was only an illiterate journeyman shoemaker; for in the Introduction he says, 'All languages are to me but dust, who was before languages were.' Yet the truth came out even in his life time, for a certain Jew in London told that George Fox had paid him 'three score pounds in new crowns for the bit of Hebrew that was in it.'—Leslie, page 15.

"Still you think it your duty to renounce baptism at his desire?"

"His opinion does not influence me," she replied; "but baptism appears to me so very trivial an act, that I cannot understand why so great importance is attached to it. A few drops of water can do neither good nor harm; but if we use them, it seems as if we considered there was some charm in them."

"A trivial act!" repeated Mr. Reynolds. "True, most true, yet not more trivial than

that which lost the world. To pluck and eat a fruit, was a trivial act also. Was it not? Ah! my friend, it is not the importance of the act itself, it is the spirit of obedience that is tested by the command. If you command your son to pick up a stone by the way side, and he refuses, because the stone appears worthless in his eyes, would you be satisfied with such a reason for disobeying your positive command? 'My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather then when he saith to thee,—wash and be clean?'

"Surely," said Susanna, "you do not believe that water can wash away sin?"

"Water in itself cannot cleanse from sin," he replied; "neither could all the waters of Jordan, of themselves, have cleansed Naaman of his leprosy; yet when God made use of His creature water, then, in His hand, it became powerful to heal, and even so now. He is all powerful to cause water, at His command, to purge away the sin of man; and in the name

of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, He has commanded us so to use it now."

"Friends argue," said Susanna, "that if water baptism had been an ordinance of the gospel, then the Apostle Paul would have been sent to administer it; but he positively declares, 'That Christ sent him not to baptize but to preach.'" (1 Cor. i. 17.)

"That does not follow," said Mr. Reynolds. "St. Paul speaks, in that very chapter, of baptism as being an appointed ordinance of the Church of Christ; the administration of it was not especially committed unto him, although he did perform it; and observing how an undue prejudice in favour of the rite, if received at his hands, was springing up, he hastened to check that superstition, and to disavow all personal connexion with the sacrament, which should ever stand, not in the name, or to the honour of Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, but of Christ alone.

"Do you not think it probable that those eleven disciples who actually heard Christ


speak the words, 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,' would know exactly what he meant? That they understood Christ to mean water is evident, for Peter, soon after, desired the whole multitude, who, when pricked to the heart by the consciousness of their sins, cried out: 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?'—to 'repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins;' and Peter would not, in the presence of the other disciples who were with him, and had heard the Lord speak the command, had there been any doubt in the mind of any one of them of what was meant, have added, as the consequence of their being baptized with water, 'and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' "

"Do you mean," said Susanna, "that salvation is dependant upon water-baptism? Is not the baptism of the spirit sufficient, without the outward sign?"

“That is quite a different question,” he replied. “If Christ commands His disciples to be baptized with water, then it is clearly their bounden duty to obey His commands, without any reference to the intrinsic value of the act; without any hesitation, because of its apparently trifling nature. George Fox’s teaching, in this respect, is undoubtedly opposed to the Bible; yet, as we read in Matthew, v. 19—“Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven,” we may hope that the ignorant and deluded followers of Fox will be included in that number at least; but it is a fearfully dangerous experiment for any, to try how far they may disobey the commands of their Maker, and yet be permitted to dwell in His house. It argues little for the love of a child, that he wishes to set at nought even the most trivial command of a kind parent.

“If you adopt a child into your family, and

require him to add your name to his, as a mark of that adoption, as a covenant that, in return for his love and obedience as a child, you bestow upon him all the privileges of your house, and make him your heir, and that he agrees to all you require, except taking your name, would you consider him a true and faithful child of adoption? or, rather, could you avoid feeling, that in his reservation of obedience on one point, there was a latent principle of disregard, and unchildlike resistance of your authority? The Lord Jesus has covenanted with us, that if we believe in Him, and are baptized into His name, we shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and we shall be saved. This baptism must be received at the hands of our fellow men. "Ye" are to baptize—"I" will give you the Holy Spirit. Whether people are regenerated or not by water-baptism, is not the question. We believe that they who are baptized, where solemn prayer is made, and the covenant entered into with a true heart and a full



purpose, are, indeed, in a fit state for the reception of salvation; and that it is only by their own wilful neglect of the blessings and privileges offered to their acceptance, that their soul's salvation is endangered; yet, just as the child of adoption may despise the offered home, and wander away to his own ruin, even so may the baptized child of God renounce the covenant, turn from his God, and be lost. It really appears to me that the Friends' refusal of the rite of water-baptism proceeds from a deeper source than appears on the surface of these objections. As it is only a spiritual *something* in themselves, which they call Christ, that they worship, it is only natural that they should not wish to obey the literal command of a literal Christ; they do not bow before the "man approved of God," and therefore they reject His badge of discipleship.

"The doctrine of Friends," said Mr. Reynolds, as he turned over the leaves of "Barclay's Apology," which Susanna had handed

him, "on the communion of the body and blood of Christ, is, I perceive, in the same manner, an elaborate attempt to support a pre-determined view of the subject. He seems to conclude that there cannot be a true spiritual feeding upon Christ, if there is any outward rite attached to it; just as he argues, that there cannot be a spiritual baptism if there is also an elemental. If this line of argument were extended to each of Christ's commands, it would do away with the moral law; for, whilst an outward observance of each separate law is required, our Lord tells us that the spiritual nature of the Gospel dispensation requires a heart service and purity far beyond that of the mere letter of the law. The Lord Jesus commanded, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' The words are very simple. Something, certainly, was to be done, and because Romanists and Protestants have each interpreted these words differently, therefore Barclay says (page 466): 'The reason of all this contention is, because they have not



a clear understanding of the mystery, and were doting about shadows and externals. For both the ground and matter of their contest lies in things extrinsic from, and unnecessary to, the main matter. And this hath been often the policy of Satan, to busy people, and amuse them with outward signs, forms, and shadows, making them contend about that, while, in the meantime, the substance is neglected. Yea, and in contending for these shadows, he stirs them up to the practice of malice, heat, revenge, and other vices, by which he establisheth his kingdom of darkness among them, and ruins the life of Christianity. For there have been more animosities and heats, about this one particular, and more bloodshed and contention than about any other. . . . Now, all these uncertain and absurd opinions, and contentions therefrom arising, have proceeded from their all agreeing in two general errors: 1st. That it is an ordinance of Christ; and, 2nd. An appointed means of grace. For want of a pure spiritual under-

standing, men sought to tie this supper of the Lord to that ceremony used by Christ before His death, of breaking bread, and drinking wine with His disciples' (page 464). 'Which, being denied and receded from, as they are by us, there would be an easy way of reconciliation, and we should all meet, in one spiritual and true understanding of this mystery' (page 467). That were, indeed, an easy way to reconcile the difference between the church of Christ and its enemy," said Mr. Reynolds, "to neglect the performance of a duty, because some perform that duty improperly. The Friends were hard set for an argument in favour of their spiritual interpretation, when they thus cut the gordian knot of Christ's command with the sharp pen of Friend Barclay.

"Will you be so good now, my friend," said Mr. Reynolds, "as to tell me on what grounds the Friends reject prayer and the reading of the Scriptures in their meetings for worship?"

"They say," she replied, "that all true and

acceptable worship must be spiritual, and can only be performed as the Spirit of God shall move or inspire our hearts; and they say 'that a liturgy, or prayers, conceived extempore, are but superstition, will-worship, and abominable idolatry in the sight of God.' (Barclay, Prop. 11.) Also, 'that the Scripture prohibits prayers and preachings, but as the Spirit moveth thereunto' (page 394), and that 'idolatry doth hug its own conceivings; but that no form of worship but the Spirit was prescribed by Christ. That even the Lord's Prayer was commanded to the]disciples while they were yet weak, before they received the dispensations of the Gospel — *not that they should use it in prayer*, but that he might show them, by one example, how that their prayers ought to be short.'" (page 372.)

Mr. Reynolds asked, "Have the Friends given any reference to the Bible, to prove this assertion, which is so opposite to the directions which the apostle gave Timothy, when instructing him how the public worship of the Christian church was to be conducted?"

"Oh, yes," said Susanna. "Barclay says, 'Job sat silent seven days with his friends, together—here was a long silent meeting.' He also quotes Ezra ix. 4, and Ezekiel xiv. 1, and xx. 1."

"Strange references indeed are those to give," said he. "Are you sure you have taken them correctly?"

"Yes," she answered; "and Barclay, you see, thinks them conclusive, for he adds: 'Thus, having shown the excellency of this worship, proving it from Scripture and reason,' &c. In a previous page on the same subject, he refers to Acts ii. 1, as authority for silent meetings. I have heard Friends, when preaching, quote other texts to prove the doctrine; such as, 'There was silence in heaven for half an hour,' therefore silent meetings were heavenly and holy, and fit worship for our heavenly Father. And again, 'Keep silence before me, O islands, and let the people renew their strength.' This was to prove that silent meetings were specially required in these the

British islands. George Fox declared it was a part of his commission from the Lord 'to famish people from words.' (Journal, page 58.) A favourite text with the quaker preachers in George Fox's day, was, 'Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree;' their *spiritual* explanation of this was, *hangeth on the tree of knowledge*; and from that they argued that all scriptural or other learning was a cursed thing. Modern quakers often speak of learning as a thing to be avoided."

"I think, in quoting Barclay, you said he had proved his theory both from Scripture and from reason. You have given me the Scripture; oblige me with his proofs from reason, now."

"I will read them," she replied. 'The excellency of this silent waiting upon God doth appear, in that *it is impossible for the enemy—viz., the devil, to counterfeit it*. Now in all other matters he may mix himself with the natural mind of man; and so, by transforming himself, he may deceive the soul. Altar, prayers, pulpit, study, cannot shut the devil

out: he can accompany the priest to the altar, the preacher to the pulpit, the zealot to his prayers, yea, the doctor and professor of divinity to his study; and there he can cheerfully suffer him to labour and work among his books, yea, and help him to find out and invent subtle distinctions and quiddities, by which both his mind, and others through him, may be kept from heeding God's light in the conscience, and waiting upon him; but when the soul comes to be wholly silent, and, as it were, *is brought to nothingness* as to her own workings, *then the devil is shut out*—he is sure that the devil is shut out' (page 378, 379). And in the next page: 'The excellency of this silent worship doth appear in that it can neither be stopt nor interrupted by the malice of men or devils, as all others can.' " \*

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\* In an old poem of the Hindoos, entitled "Bhagavad-Gita," silence is recommended as a religious exercise, superior to prayer, almsgiving, attendance at temple, &c., for the god Chrisna, admitting that these actions are good, so far as they go, says—" *But he who, sitting apart, gazes fixedly upon one object until he forgets home and kin-*

"It would appear that quakers—or, I should say, Friends, as I believe quaker is considered a term of reproach—consider that a silent meeting is for certain a season of spiritual worship; but it may not be so. The body may be still without the spirit being engaged in worship."

"Friends do not think so," said Susanna. "There are always 'weighty or concerned Friends' present; and Barclay says (page 364) —'If one only is watchful, and keeps his place, he will feel a secret travail for the rest, in a sympathy with the *seed* which is oppressed in the others, and the rest will find themselves secretly smitten without words; just as a little water thrown into a pump brings up the rest, whereby *life* will come to be raised up in all, and the vain imaginations brought down; and such a one is felt by the rest to minister life unto them without words.'

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*dred, himself and all created things—he attains perfection."* (See "Chambers's Journal," July, 1852.) So that Friends, "solemn, silent, spiritual, waiting for nothingness," is but a revival of an old heathen practice.

"I never felt this when I was in the habit of attending meetings," added Susanna; "but I never was able to get into *nothingness*, although I tried hard for it; nor do I know what the '*life*' means. Queer things were felt and seen too, it is said, in the meetings of the early Friends. But it is a mistake to think that Friends consider the word quaker a term of reproach. Barclay says (page 367), 'They rejoice in the name;' and George Fox, the greatest authority of all, said that 'quaking was the great power of God.'

"Barclay's description of the quaking, which Friends consider a mark of holiness, is curious. He says (page 367),—'Sometimes the power of God will break forth into a whole meeting, and there will be such an inward travail, while each is seeking to overcome the evil in themselves, that *by the strong contrary workings of these opposite powers*, like the going of two contrary tides, *every individual will be strongly exercised, as in a day of battle, and thereby trembling and a motion of body will be upon*



*most*, if not upon all, which, as the power of truth prevails, will, *from pangs and groans*, end with a sweet sound of thanksgiving and praise.'

"Were it not for this description of Robert Barclay's, I should have imagined the accounts recorded by individuals of their own experience in the matter had been exaggerated. Francis Higgins, in his 'Brief Narration of the Irreligion of the Northern Quakers,' page 15, tells us: 'Those in their assemblies that are taken with these quaking fits, fall suddenly down, as it were in a swoon, as though they were in epilepsy, and lie grovelling on the earth, struggling as it were for life, and sometimes more quietly, as though they were departing. While the agony of their fits is on them, their lips quiver, ~~h~~ their flesh and joints tremble, their bellies swell as though blown with wind; they foam at the mouth. . . . When the fit leaves them, they roar out horribly, with a voice greater than the voice of a man; the noise is a fearful noise; it is a very horrid, fearful noise, and greater sometimes than any bull can make.'"

“That description,” said Mr. Reynolds, “is just what we might suppose would be, if the unfortunate victims of this sad delusion were actually possessed with devils.”

“It is, indeed, very similar,” said Susanna, “to the Scriptural account of such; but it certainly agrees also with Robert Barclay’s; and numerous cases could be cited of Friends so circumstanced. John Gilpin, of Kendal, who was one of the contemporaries of George Fox, and a convert of his, wrote an account of his delusion, which is attested by the mayor and minister of Kendal. He called it, ‘The Quaker Shaken,’ printed in 1653. He was, by the great mercy of God, recovered from his monstrous possession, and returned to the church he had forsaken. He says, he earnestly desired to have the quaking and trembling fits, thinking, as Friends had taught him, that they were the manifestation of the light and life dwelling within him.\* At last, they came

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\* Barclay tells us in his “Apology,” p. 365, that he himself was not converted to quakerism by strength of argument, by doctrine, or by any conviction of his un-

upon him so violently that he could not stand, but fell down, trembling, quaking, howling, and crying, in such a terrible and hideous manner, as astonished all his family. He was pleased with this, thinking it to be the pangs of the new birth. The night following, he was troubled with terrible dreams and visions; and laying awake, he says: 'I sensibly perceived something lighting upon my neck, giving me a great stroke, which caused me much pain; after that, another; and so a third, and a fourth; each stroke being less than the former, till it came to the middle of my back; and then I thought that something entered into my body, which I persuaded myself,

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derstanding, but entirely by a mysterious *secret power* which entered into him, and so knit him to the rest; and, he adds, that any proselyte who should join the Society from a mere conviction of the understanding to the truths Friends maintain, would be valueless, unless they also felt this *inward life*, without which none can worship with them. It is considered to be a sign of degeneracy, that those extreme quakings have ceased; although, when ministers are first beginning to speak, they invariably have slight attacks.

at Satan's instigation, to be the Spirit of God descending upon me like a dove, and entering into me.' When John Audland was preaching, soon after, he says: 'I was thrown down from the chair in which I sat, in the midst of the company, where I lay all night, all which time my body and all the members of it were still in motion; I being turned from my back to my belly, and so back several times, and making crosses with my legs one over the other; my hands, also, were carried to and fro upon the ground by a convulsive power, as if I had been writing upon the ground. I was persuaded this was the immediate power of Christ; and heard, to my thinking, a voice, saying, 'that writing with my hand upon the ground, did signify the writing of the law within my heart.' I moved my hands to my head, and heard a voice, saying, '*Christ in God, and God in Christ, and Christ in thee.*' After which, I was raised, and set upon my feet; then it bade me 'be humble,' and that brought me to my knees; and with a whispering voice,

it said, 'Stoop low—low;' and having stooped with my face on the ground, it said: 'Take up thy cross, and follow me.' Whereupon I went to a fiddler's house, and *odd pranks were acted*. I acted not by a power of mine own, neither did I resist: I was passive.' From the fiddler's, he paraded the streets, in company with William Dodding, another Friend, proclaiming as he went, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' George Fox had these acts under his own immediate notice; yet he did not consider them improper. In his 'Great Mystery,' page 299, he says: 'It was the devil who was made to tremble in Gilpin—it was not the devil who made Gilpin to tremble.'\* In Leslie's 'Theological Works,' vol. ii., there are a many such instances, recorded on the testimony of men who had been mercifully recovered from their fearful delusion.

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\* In his "Journal," p. 113, G. Fox says—"Gilpin ran out from the truth into vain imaginations, and people made evil use of him against us;" but it was not until Gilpin left the Society, *and also published the account of his delusion*, that G. Fox thought fit to notice these imaginations as censurable.

“To show you that Barclay is quite correct when he states that ‘the quaking reached to strangers coming into the meetings, even to little children,’ I will relate the story of Mr. Giles Firman, a minister in Essex, ann. 1656. ‘At the earnest desire of some Friends, I went 8mo. 19—1654: with John Ward and Anthony Hunter, to a meeting of the deluded souls called quakers, at John Hunter’s, of Benfield-side, in the county of Durham, where I found about twenty persons sitting all silent. After we had been awhile all mute, the Lord moved me to arise and call upon his name by prayer. I was no sooner up, but my legs trembled greatly, so that it was some difficulty to stand; but after I had prayed a short space the trembling ceased. While I prayed to God as a creator, there was but little disturbance; but when I cried in the name of Jesus Christ, my mediator, God in my nature, now in the highest glory appearing and interceding for His saints, then the Devil roared in the deceived souls, in a most strange and dreadful manner, some howling, some shrieking, yelling,

roaring, and some had a strange confused kind of humming singing noise. Such a representation of hell I never heard of, nothing but horror and confusion. After I had done praying, (not opening my eyes before) I was amazed to see about the one half of those miserable creatures so terribly shaken, with such violent, various motions, that I wondered how it was possible some of them could live. In the midst of this confusion, one of them asked me if I were come to torment them. To whom I applied this word Matthew viii. 29. And while I spoke something of faith, they declared that they were come to the faith of devils, James ii. 19, but that we were not attained to such a faith. After two hours we departed, one of them cursing me with these words: 'All the plagues of God be upon thee.'

"John Toldervy's book, called 'The Foot out of the Snare,' printed 1656, tells of his delusion. He joined George Fox's disciples, as Robert Barclay, and with him, the Friends, to

the present day, say, converts ought to join the Society by the working of '*a secret power.*' Toldervy's narrative tells of the most astonishing possession of the devil, in which he was held after his conversion, even to the apparition of evil spirits dancing and singing about him, directing him what to do, and encouraging him in the principles of quakerism, chiefly to adhere to the light within, which he would find a superior guide to Scripture, as being the same spirit which gave forth the Scriptures, and telling him that he was as infallible as any of the prophets and apostles, he having the same spirit that they had. He tried to perform miracles, to light sticks by blowing on them, thinking the heat, or life, or light in him would proceed to them. This failed, and he writes: '*But in the end, not being able to do it, I was extremely troubled that I, the Christ of God, should fail in the performance of a miracle, since so many miracles were wrought by him that was a figure of me.*' Friend Toldervy tells how he went on to imitate our



Saviour's agony, crucifixion, death, burial, and resurrection, &c.

“It is sad to find that Toldervy's dread of the persecution with which Friends invariably punish those who expose their system, induced him to put *his foot again into the snare*. He wrote, by desire of the Society, a refutation of his first work, entitled, ‘The Snare Broken.’ In that he confirms the facts, but insists that he made a mistake in supposing it was an evil spirit which prompted him to perform and say such dreadful things, for that he now knew it was a good and true spirit. He also says, the spirits sometimes came to him ‘in the form of flies.’”

Susanna's conversations with Mr. Reynolds, and her careful and prayerful study of the Holy Scriptures, led to the usual result. She saw the fallacy of Barclay's reasoning, and that to uphold the peremptory and fanatical teaching of George Fox was his object. As she narrated to Mr. Reynolds the several instances of delusion from which she had

escaped, a light beamed on her own understanding. The example of the Lord Jesus seemed more forcibly commended to her than ever before, 1 Peter ii. 21. These fanatics taught that His holy example was not to be a guide to us in all things, and she remembered how, within the last few years in "The Beacon," and other works, written by Friends who had been constrained for conscience sake to leave the Society, the quaker doctrine in this respect was tested, and shown to be the same to-day as it was in the days of George Fox, by the simple fact that if a quaker believes it to be his duty to be baptized simply in conformity to the example of the Lord, he is immediately expelled from the Society, as one who "has departed from the truth as it is in Jesus." Susanna therefore renounced, and for ever, this, the last vestige of quakerism, which clung to her, as it does to so very many who leave the Society of Friends, with a most unaccountable tenacity.

If the Lord Jesus Christ were now on

earth, he could not be a quaker. The Friends would disown him, and say, he had "departed from the truth as it is in Jesus," He having neglected to uphold "the precious testimony against water baptism, which our worthy predecessors were given of the Lord to establish."

"Our blessed Lord's example in reading the Scriptures at the time of public worship, is also set at nought by the Friends; they would disown Him for that act also, were He now on earth; for they can hold no fellowship with any one who practices 'superstition,' will-worship, and abominable idolatry in the sight of God, by beginning and ending worship at his own pleasure, and doing or leaving undone as himself seeth meet." (Barclay's Apology, page 351.)\*

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\* In the London Yearly Meeting for 1852, it appears that the Durham Quarterly Meeting proposed that the general advices of the Society should be read aloud in meetings *once a year*. "The proposal was repudiated, as an insuperable objection seemed to some in its having the appearance of setting a higher value and authority upon

“The Saviour’s example in singing a hymn is also an offence to the Society of Friends. He would have been ‘dealt with’ for this ‘reprehensible act.’ George Fox came to call people from ‘singing,’ and Friends think that as hymns are the utterance of holy feelings, therefore they ‘are great and horrid lies in the sight of God, because the very people who sing will also confess that they are guilty sinners.’” (Barclay, page 416.)

As soon as Eustace Sillington had heard of his sister’s widowhood, and her consequent loss of fortune, he wrote most warmly inviting her to cross the Atlantic, and take up her abode with him in New York. To this she agreed. It was necessary she should visit Dublin before departing, and with a heart pulsating with

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the said advices than upon the Scriptures. Were a beginning once made in this direction, where, it may well be queried, are we to end? By-and-bye we might have the Scriptures read (!!!). It would thus be difficult to prevent a greater evil (!!!)—*the rise of an idea that Friends had found out that their views as to silent meetings for worship were erroneous.*—“The British Friend,” 6 Mo. 1852.

many a fond, and many a painful feeling, she entered the city, where still the image of her father lingered in her eyes; where, twelve years ago, she had been expelled his roof, but with his fondest blessing.

Jenefer was still unmarried. She was a minister "in good esteem and unity," although she had only what Friends call "a small gift." Time had brought some wisdom to her. She had learned to subject her passions to a more fitting appearance. Surrounded by persons who were not relatives, or such as would naturally incline to conceal the irritable and domineering character of her mind, she had felt the necessity of self-restraint, and habit had now become a second nature. She received Susanna's note, informing her of her arrival and desire for an interview, with perfect self-possession. Jenefer wished to have Susanna's signature to some papers; she therefore went to the hotel, and received the kindly reception she expected there. To find her sister willing to be friendly was most grateful

to the widow, and although she felt that true sisterly love could never exist between natures so dissimilar, habits so opposite, and recollections so painful, still the semblance of cordiality was welcomed and encouraged. Very few of her old acquaintances called on her, she had faded from their recollection. Many had left Dublin, some were dead, and some were married.

There was one, however, who had never forgotten her—never ceased to love her; this was her old admirer, Ralph Moneymore. He called to pay his respects, as soon as he heard of her arrival, and was received with a courtesy far beyond his hopes. Ralph was an altered man now. The disappointment of his matrimonial plot had nearly cost him his life and his reason. It had destroyed all his self-complacency. It had humbled him to the dust; and whilst he roused himself to look the same to his fellows, he felt that the arrow had pierced his heart, and opened a wound which no time could heal — no soothing sophistry could stanch.

Ralph had accumulated money, had risen in society, had acquired influence in the city; but his heart was desolate. Jenefer's blandishments, and her proposal of marriage to him, for she had, as women Friends occasionally do, written to offer him herself and her fortune—were all in vain. He excused himself as unworthy of the high honour of being united to a gifted minister; but he entreated that the calm friendship of acquaintance should not be withheld from him. His numerous useful attentions were acceptable to her, and he could not resign the greatest pleasure of his life—the chance mention of Susanna's name; the news of her; and the longing he had to know in what light she regarded him—the instrument which Jenefer had made use of to crush out her independence and happiness.

Susanna received him with the calm dignity of a widow, whose affections could not be ruffled, as they were buried in the grave of her husband. Ralph's last hope, which had sprung up unbidden when he heard of Captain Wey-

burgh's death, now drooped; and withering, fell off for ever. One half-hour's interview had shown him, that for him, the future must be dreary as the past had been. Gold, and a standing in the Society, must content his heart. More was beyond his reach. Still the interview was pleasant to both. No trace of unkind feeling was discernible in either. Each felt there was need of mutual forgiveness, and they shook hands, as they separated for ever, with kindly words, and feelings of good will. Susanna's heart was lightened of its sorrow, to find her surviving friends thought kindly of her. She and her children sailed to the new country with a full gale of prosperity, and the widow found a home of love and happiness in the house of her affectionate brother.



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## APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

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### GEORGE FOX'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

*Written with his own hand, and now to be seen  
at the Prerogative Office.*

“I do give to Thomas Lower my sedell the  
ar at Ihon Nelson's and bridall and spores and  
bootes inward lethereths and the newengland  
indin Bible and my great book of the signi-  
fying of names, and my book of the new  
testement of eight langes, and all my  
fisekall things that came from beyond the  
seay with the outlandish cup and that thing  
that people do give glisters with and my tow  
dials the one is an eknocksha dial, and all  
my over plush bookes to be divided among my  
4 sones in law and also all my other bookes  
and my hamack I do give to Thomas Lower  
that is at bengamin antrobus his closet and  
rachall may take that which is at Strarthmor.

And Thomas Lover may have my walnut

equinock shall diall and if he can he may get one cut by it which will be hard to do and he shall have one of my prospect glaseses in my tranck at London and a pare of my glovesess and my seale.—G. F.

“And the flaming sword to Nat Mead and my other two seals I Rose and the other Dan Abraham and Thomas Laier shall have my Spanesh lether hud. S. Meade shall have my magnifing glas and the torkell shell com and cace.—G. F.

“And all that I have written consarning what I do give to my relashons, either mony or other ways Ihon Loft may put it up in my tronke at Ihon Elfenes and wright all things downe in a paper and make a paper out of all my papers how I have ordered things for them and Ihon Loft may send all things down by Powelsworth carrer in the truonke to Ihon For at Powellsworth in Warwickshir and let Ihon For send Ihon Loft a full reecat and a discharge and in this matter and non of you may be consarned but Ihon Loft only.—G. F.

“And my other letell tronke that standeth in Bengmin Antrobese's closet with the outlandish things Thomas Lover shall have and if it be order'd in any other papers to any other that must not stand so but as now orders.—G. F.

“And Sary thou may give Sary Frickenfeld half a gine for she hath been sarvesable to me a honest carfull young woman.—G. F.

“Make no noyes of thes things, but do them in the life as I have ordered them and when all is don and cleared what remenes to the printing of my books.

“Bengmin Antrabus hath one 100 of mine take no yowes of them for it when you do receive it.

“And in my chest in Bengamin Antrabs chamber there is a letell gilt box with some gold in it Sary Mead to take it and let it do sarveses among the rest so far as it will go the box is sealed up.—G. F.

“And let Thomas Docker that knoweth many of my Epesles and writen bookes which

he did wright com up to London to asist frends in sorting of my Epeseles and other writings and give him a gine.—G. F.

“This is to be put up among G. F. seled up papers, that pocket that Sary Mead hath.

“I do order W. and Sarah Mead and J. Lover to take care of all my bookes and episeles and papers that be at Benjimin Antrobis and at W. W. Chamber and those that com from Strarthmor, and my jornal of my life and the paseges and travels of frends and to take them all into ther hands and all the over pluch of them the may have and keep together as a library when the have gathered them together which is to be parted.

“And for them to take charge of all my mony and defray all as I have ordered in my other papers and any thing of mine the may take and God will and shall be ther reward the 8 mo. 1688.—G. F.

“Thomas Lover and John Rous may asist you and all the paseges and travild and sufferings of frinds in the beging of the spread-

ing of the troath which I have keep together will make a fine history and the may be had at Strarthmor with my other bookes and if the com to London with they papers then the may be had either at W. M. or ben Antrubs closet for it is a fine thing to know the beging of the spreading of the gospell after so long night of apostace since the Aposels days that now Christ reines as he did in the hearts of his people glory to the Lord for ever amen.

“ G. F.”

The 8 mon. 1688.

Endorsed thus:

For G. F. to be layed in the trunke at W. M. the 8 Mo. 1688.”

The original is in black letter. The will was proved by George Whitehead.

Leslie, in his remarks on this curious document, says:—“The handwriting of George Fox, for I have seen it, is as bad as his spelling; both equal to his sense and learning. Judge, then, what licking there must be to



print anything that he wrote! when, after being the pretended author of so many books, he shows us how he could write and spell English! Here is no beginning of his will—*In the name of God*, as is usual with Christians; nor recommending of his soul to God (for he thought that was a part of God)—far less of his body to the earth, in hopes of its resurrection; for the quakers believe nothing of that. Nor is there a word of his trusting to the merits, sufferings, or death of Christ for his salvation; for he thought that all that was performed in him, and that he himself was Christ. He calls not upon God's mercy, for he thought he had no need of it, as having no sins to answer for, but that he was pure and perfect as God. So die the deists: without any sense of Christ or of revealed religion, trusting only to that which is within them, which the one call light, the other reason. What he left of value is not expressed in his will (there might be reasons for that) but in other papers which are therein named. What

need the world's people know how rich the journeyman shoemaker died by his preaching trade, and clamouring against hirelings? What is here disposed of must be understood by way of reliques from their first saint and founder. For what other use could old spur leathers, a comb, and glister pipe, be bequeathed, and with such caution—'*make no noise of these things;*' and that religious regard—'*but do them in the life as I have ordered them*'? How otherwise could spur leathers, &c., be used '*in the life,*' but as reliques, and carrying some virtue in them, conveyed from him who wore them?"\*

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\* In a "Life of George Fox," published, in 1839, by Darton and Harvey, we are told he had seven hundred pounds, besides several sums of money lodged in the hands of different Friends; and also that he owned one thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania, a gift from William Penn. The writer, unwilling that any one should think he had accumulated money by his trade of preaching, suggests the probability of his having had some patrimonial property; and adds—"though Margaret Fell (his wife) was a woman of large estate, he seems scrupulously to have avoided enriching himself by it." This suggestion must receive its full value;

## EXTRACTS FROM

*“George Fox his letters in vindication of James Nayler, when under examination for his blasphemous riding into Bristol, the Quakers crying Hosanna before him, &c.”*

(Inserted at the end of James Nayler's trial, printed by the quakers: An. 1657.)

“To the Protector, and

“To you who are chosen by these nations to be the Parliament of England, to divide, rule, and govern things: this is the word of the Lord to you: Take heed of acting against Christ where he is made manifest; take heed of acting or doing any thing against them that be in the pure religion, or acting any thing against religion. How know you but this thing is fallen out to try you, whether or no

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the fact that this son of a poor shepherd forsook his last and awl, and, by *a trade in holy things*, succeeded in feathering his nest most remarkably well, remains undisputed: that he selected the wealthiest of his female votaries for a wife, is, however, no proof that the love of money influenced his choice.

you act against Christ, where he is manifested in his members, for it is said, *Christ in you*; and if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; and if Christ be within, may not he speak in righteousness, and be confessed there? Now, if Jesus Christ be not in you, (mark) *Jesus Christ* be not in you, ye are reprobates; and if Christ be within, must he not speak? (mark) Jesus Christ, the Emanuel, the same: is it offence for Christ to speak, and Jesus to speak when he is within? . . . .

And is not Christ Jesus, which except he be in you ye are reprobates, is not he the Emanuel and the Saviour, and the Prince of Peace? And is not he the Prince of Life and the Hosanna? Therefore take heed of persecuting that which is created and made by his power: If the seed speak which is Christ, he hath no other name, for the seed is Jesus Christ, and it is not blasphemy but truth.—GEORGE FOX.

Was not the appearance of Christ when he was born glorious, when that the voice was cry'd Hosanna to the Highest? Was it not

to the astonishment of beholders, and amazement of the world? Did it not stir up all chief priests and Herod? was not he puzzled about his birth, and they troubled at his coming? . . . Is not his appearance in the spirit as glorious in his second coming as it was at his first? Is it not as much to be admired in the world as it ever was? Answer these things, and satisfy yourselves. . . . To prison them contrary to the just, is to make them grow; and to banish them is to shame your religion, and not to own the thing the Scripture speaks of, and to put them to death is to destroy yourselves.—GEORGE FOX.

Whether or no you will suffer Christ to have as much honour in the earth and the world as the devil hath? Where Christ is manifested, whether or no he shall have more honour. . . . Therefore take heed, and consider, before you act any thing, or judge, lest God judge you afterward, for be assured he will. Whether bowing in the truth, may not be a figure, that the seed of God shall rise,

and reign above the earthly powers, and they shall bow to it? And how know you but such things as these may be trials to you, whether you will persecute another for taking that which is acted among you to yourselves in another way different from this. — GEORGE FOX.

But if you stand against this, it shows yourselves to be in the transgression, standing against the Emanuel, which is God with us. Be not hasty in acting these things, but examine and consider before you do act. — GEORGE FOX.

Remember the Scripture which saith, 'His face is more marred than any man,' Is. lii. 14. And whether this be not the same that gave his cheeks to the smiter, and opened not his mouth? And see now who they are that have spit upon him: but what evil hath he done?

Notwithstanding all these warnings, yet on the 17th of the 10th Mo. the major part of the House pronounced sentence on him."

A Friend named Robert Rich, when Nayler was in the pillory, stuck a paper over his head, with these words on it, "This is the King of the Jews." And on another paper was, "This was done that the Scripture might be fulfilled."

William Haworth, in his book, "The Quaker Converted to Christianity," says, he saw James Nayler suffer for blasphemy; that some Friends, George Fox included, after it, made a show of disowning Nayler, for setting himself up to be the Messiah; but that it was only a show, for it was his ill-luck in being pilloried and branded that grieved them, not the hideous blasphemies he uttered. For not only did George Fox write in vindication of Nayler, but also William Penn said, that "Nayler was a prophet, and servant of the Lord, through whom the Holy Spirit did utter his mind." And John Bolton, a quaker, told Haworth, that he was standing by, and saw three women Friends, one after another, fall down and worship James Nayler; and one of them, in her bowings, said these words, "Thy

name is no more James, but Jam." And Nayler said to Bolton, that "if he would worship his body, he should refuse it; but if he worshipped that within, he would accept it."

In "Hidden Things brought to Light," pages 37—40, we read: "After he was set free James Nayler came into meeting, and, kneeling before George Fox, publicly entreated a restoration to his favour. Fox gave it, and then offered his hand for Nayler to kiss; but bethinking himself better, he pulled it in, and thrust out his foot to Nayler that he might kiss it."

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#### WORSHIP PAID TO GEORGE FOX.

In one of Josiah Coal's published letters to George Fox, this passage occurs: "Dear George Fox, who art the father of many nations, whose life hath reached through us thy children; whose habitation is in the power of the Highest, in which thou rulest and governs in righteousness, and thy kingdom is



established in peace, and the increase thereof is without end."

"A quaker woman rose up in a meeting, and in a singing voice worshipped George Fox there present, saying, 'Thou art the king of saints,' &c. That night, at the house of another quaker woman, she was reproved by her hostess, who told her she had been offended by such words. To which the guest replied, 'I pity thy shortness, that thou art come no farther yet, nor understandest: it was not to George Fox that I spoke, but it was the Life in me that spoke to the Life in him.' There is yet extant an original letter of George Fox's, in his own handwriting and spelling (such as his will), wherein he speaks of this very passage—it having made some noise—and mentions thus: 'That a woman stood up in meeting, and said, 'Thou art Jesus Christ, the Son of God,' and George Fox did not reprove her. And this hath been talked of up and down in the south to defame G. F. It is strange she should not be suffered to confess Jesus Christ

the Son of God, but thou must turn it to G. F. And I do not understand, when she spoke, that she did name G. F. at all."—Leslie, vol. ii., pp. 508—510.

Solomon Eccles, in a sheet printed 17 of 9 mo. 1668, says, "It was said of Christ, that he was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not: so it may be said of this true prophet, George Fox, whom John (some quaker) said he was not."

John Audland wrote to George Fox as follows: "Dear and precious one, in whom my life is bound up, and my strength in thee stands. By thy breathings I am nourished. By thee is my strength renewed. Blessed art thou for evermore; and blessed are all that enjoy thee. Life and strength comes from thee, holy one. Daily do I find thy presence with me, which doth exceedingly preserve me: for I cannot reign but in thy presence and power. Pray for me, that I may stand in thy dread for evermore. I am thine, begotten and nourished by thee, and in thy power I am

preserved. Glory unto thee, holy one, for ever."

"Many persons have been seen to fall down before George Fox, and to say, 'Thou art the Son of the ever-living God, the King of Israel. All nations shall worship thee.' And to his wife Margaret, Friends used to kneel, and say, 'O thou my heavenly mother, pray to my heavenly Father for me.' These adorations were common to George Fox. He took it gravely, without any reprehension, but, on the contrary, with delectation, stroking his hand over their faces, as his custom was."—Leslie, vol. ii., p. 63.

George Whitehead defended the use of such awfully wicked language in his "Quaker Principles," Lect. 32, thus:—"As to this charge of idolatry, if not blasphemous names and titles given to George Fox; they were not intended for the person of George Fox, but for the Life of Christ in him, whereof he was a partaker."

## SIGNS.

As some modern quakers appear ignorant of the fact that George Fox's immediate disciples were guilty of acts of fanaticism, as absurd as those of the white quakers now-a-days, a few of those signs which he approved of, and deemed holy, are here noted:—

“Robert Huntingdon went into the church at Brough, near Carlisle, wrapped in a white sheet, and with a halter about his neck, to show the Independents and Presbyterians that the surplice would be introduced again, and that some of them would be hanged.”—Sewell, 1st vol., p. 436.

“A woman Friend went into a Protestant church at Dieppe, dressed in sackcloth and ashes, for a sign; but it does not appear that she told what the sign was of.”—Sewell, 1st vol., p. 191.

“James Milner, to save the souls of the wife of Brian Fell, of Ulveston, and Dorothy Barwick, with a knife and a basin, he pre-

tended his blood was shed, and said that he gave up the ghost as Christ did. To one who was accusing him of Luciferian pride for this act, George Fox replied, 'Oh! Luciferian pride to save souls?'—"Quakery Slain," by Christopher Wade, pp. 7, 8.

"A quaker in London said he had an immediate call from heaven to steal an hour-glass out of a certain church, it being used, as he said, for superstitious purposes. George Fox was complained to, and he answered in these words: "And as for any being moved of the Lord to take away your glass from you, by the eternal Power it is owned."—Leslie, vol. ii. p. 54.

Solomon Eccles (George Fox's bosom friend and right-hand man) went into a Roman Catholic chapel, in Galway, Ireland, and when the people were on their knees, appeared, naked above his waist, with a chafing-dish of coals and burning brimstone on his head, and crying, "Woe to these idolatrous worshippers!" declared that God had sent him to show them their portion, except they repented. This same man went into one of the London

churches in 1659, and, seating himself on the pulpit cushion, in the face of the audience, began to sew."—"State Trials," vi. 998.

"The wife of Edmund Adlington, of Kendal, went through the streets naked, on the 21st November, 1653; and Mary Collinson, another quaker lady in the same town, rebuked those who covered her, by telling them they had hindered the work of the Lord."

"Edmund Nesby's wife paraded Kendal, December 16th following, in the same no-dress fashion, and actually went into the church there."

"Elizabeth Levens and Miles Newby, in a similar state of primitive simplicity, also perambulated the streets of Kendal; they, and some others, 'went by couples, as a sign of how the beasts went into the ark.'"

"Thomas Holby, of Kendal, went, in the same fashion, October 28th, 1653, through the market-place at Kirby Steven, upon the market day, saying, 'It is not I, but God that goeth naked.'"

"A quaker servant-maid at Putney came in

no-dress into the room where her master had company at dinner; and, when some would have covered her, she thanked them for their love, but would not admit of that sort of kindness, but said, she was 'moved by the Lord to go quite round the table,' which she did; and, in admiration of her faithfulness, she was shortly after married."

"William Sympson was moved of the Lord to go, at several times, for three years, naked and barefooted, as a sign to them in markets, courts, towns, and cities; to priests' houses, and to great men's houses; telling them, 'So should they be stripped naked, as he was stripped naked.' And sometimes he was moved to put on hair sackcloth, and to besmear his face, and to tell them, 'So would the Lord God besmear all their religions, as he was besmeared.' Many ways were these professors warned, by word, by writing, and by signs; but they would believe none, until it was too late."—"George Fox's Journal," p. 323.

George Fox himself went through the city

of Lichfield, as a sign. He says: "I saw three steeple-house spires, and they struck at my Life; immediately the word of the Lord came to me, that I must go thither. In a great field there were shepherds keeping sheep. Then I was commanded by the Lord to pull off my shoes. I stood still, for it was winter; and the word of the Lord was like a fire in me: so, when I got to the city, the word of the Lord came to me again, saying, 'Cry, Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield.' So I went up and down the streets, crying with a loud voice, 'Woe, woe, to the bloody city of Lichfield.' I went into the market-place, and to and fro, and made stands, crying as before. As I went, there seemed to me to be channels of blood running down the streets: then I returned to the shepherds, and gave them some money, and took my shoes again. But *the fire of the Lord* was so in my feet that I could not put them on, but was at a stand. Then I felt freedom from the Lord; so I washed my feet, and put them on."—"Journal," page 49.

Several of the early disciples of George Fox



have also recorded the fact, that "great bodily heat, marvellous and indescribable," attended these extraordinary exercises. They all call it *the fire of the Lord*. The early opponents of quakerism suggested that the unnatural heat came from an opposite quarter.

The no-dress sign was the favourite; there are very many more instances on record. Now, as the editor of the "British Friend" has informed us, in December, 1851, that quakers "of every generation endorse the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries," it will, we trust, be instructive and interesting to show what they thought of those signs. George Whitehead defended Solomon Eccles for going naked into the churches, by saying, "It was a sign of the nakedness of such dark professors and priests as he witnessed against. George Fox's own opinion is as follows: "This hath been a figure of your nakedness, who are Egypt spiritual, and Ethiopian black. The Lord hath moved his servants to give *a true sign* among you, as to go naked to your steeple-

houses, in your markets, in your streets, which is a figure to you of all your nakedness.”—  
“Great Mystery,” by George Fox, p. 233.

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## PENNYMAN'S SECESSION.

There was a Mr. John Pennyman, a wealthy and substantial citizen, who, like many other good, sober men, was deluded into joining the quakers, from their pharisaical pretences to holiness. He was said to be “a grave, ancient man, of an honourable family, whose grey hairs must win respect from all.” After being some years in the Society, he “became shocked at the *gross immoralities* of the quakers, and in the meekest manner represented it in the meeting.”\* He printed in a sheet his reasons for leaving the Society, and an account of the

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\* From the very first, Friends have spared no pains to impress on “the people of the world” a belief that they are especially a moral people—just as, by repeated assertion also, they hope to be considered the most spiritual minded and best Christians in the world.

treatment he received for daring to call that sin which they enacted amongst themselves. No transgression of the laws of God, they taught, was sin to a quaker, unless, by a new and immediate inspiration from the inward light, it appeared intended to be a law unto him individually. (Serious Apology, p. 49.) Mr. Pennyman had not received this doctrine, and, in the Ratcliff Meeting, he spoke a verse of Scripture, which was the only reproof he ever meant to make; but *the Book was in his hand*, and the sight of a Bible is unbearable in a Friends' meeting. He tells us that "Henry Sutton pulled him down with great violence, called him a limb of the devil, and one of the wickedest of men."

At another meeting, in Gracechurch-street, Mr. Pennyman was preached at by several Friends, who called him, in their addresses, in what they called a solemn meeting for worship, "A grinning dog," a "whifling cur," a "devil's agent," &c. He gives the names of the speakers; they were not of particular note,

but at length George Whitehead, the renowned preacher and writer, arose, and said of poor Mr. Pennyman: "I am moved of the eternal God, to pronounce woes and judgments against him. God's power will choke him." These Friends then wrote to him, and, as usual with Friends, they insinuated that they could tell stories of him if they inclined to do so; but they were too meek for that, so they only called him names. "The Devil's Drudge." "The Devil's Porter setting open the gates of hell." "The Bond-slave of the Devil." "Runnagade." "Vagabond." "Betraying Judas." "Wolf." "A creeping Judas, instigated by the Devil, in the spirit that would murder Christ." A most foul slander was afterwards traced by Mr. Pennyman to one of them, James Holliday. He demanded a public retraction, but the quaker minister replied, "unless the Lord required it of him, he would not give it." There were many quakers—like Mr. Pennyman, men of character, piety, and education—who, after being for some time

amongst the disciples of George Fox, became aware of the subtle snare into which they had fallen. They tried very hard to engraft Bible truths into the system, which, having once joined, they seem to have been most unwilling to leave. George Fox's printed and spoken assertion, "I am equal with God;" of which blasphemy he was found guilty at the Lancaster Assizes, 18th March, 1652, he having coolly and determinedly repeated the dreadful words in the presence of Mr. Lawes, Colonel Tell, Colonel West; also Dr. Marshall, Mr. Altam, George Becket, and Isaac Burn, Judge Puleston presiding; and James Nayler, James Milner, Leonard Fell, and Richard Hulbert-hon being also found guilty of the same crime. This fact appears to have startled J. Pennyman and several others; and the consequence was, a separation took place, an allusion to which is made in the Book of Discipline, although the particulars are not given, or the cause of the separation mentioned; only it is there spoken of as being of a very evil

origin, and that the secession of such members left the Society in a more holy, and more healthy state.

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#### CONTROVERSY WITH JOHN WIGAN.

There was one John Wigan, an anabaptist preacher, who was prisoner with George Fox in the Castle at Lancaster, in 1664. Him the quakers challenged to dispute with them; at first he refused, but on their posting a notice on the walls, that they "challenge all the sons of Adam to discourse with them of their fundamental principle, the Inward Light," Wigan accepted the challenge, and held "that Christ doth not lighten every man that cometh into the world with a saving light."

The Friends were very angry at the result of this argument. They wrote letters to him after it, which he published, as well as "The Narrative" of all his intercourse with them. He says, page 12: "G. Fox and Margaret Fell were both present, and the chief managers."

G. Fox entered the hall, strutting like the Colossus at Rhodes; he clapt one foot upon a seat and the other upon the table, about which the rest were standing, and with his unwieldy bulk, looked like the giant in Guildhall.

“ When the argument was ended, Margaret Fell exclaimed, ‘ Thou art a miserable creature.’ James Brom then said, with great fierceness: ‘ Thou art an enemy of God.’ Thomas Davenport added: ‘ Thou hast deny’d Christ to-day.’ Richard Culban exclaimed: ‘ Thou hast deny’d the Lord that bought thee.’ Whilst George Fox only said: ‘ Thou art not a rational man.’ After him John Burly arose, with: ‘ The eternal judgments of God fall upon thee and burn thee up as chaff; thou art worse than a drunkard.’

“ John Wigan then fled from the hall, for he thought he had had enough; but James Park did not think so, and followed him to his chamber, crying out with great vehemence: ‘ Thou art a lyar, and a deceiver, and the curse of God will be upon thee in thy bed-

chamber and closet, and wherever thou goest.' Park also called him names,—'a monster,' 'a strange birth of the flesh,' &c. &c. &c.

"Then John Wigan returned to the hall and made matters tenfold worse; for he asked Margaret Fell, between whom and George Fox a courtship was going on briskly: What parish priest in England had got more money with his tongue than George Fox, since he was a journeyman shoemaker in Manchester? It was an unmannerly question, and rubbed upon a sore place, so Margaret answered thus: 'Thou art a wicked, ungodly, impudent liar. Thou liar. Thou proud disdainful spirit, a heathenish spirit torments thee, and many more such night-owls as thou art. Thou wicked liar. The devil the god of this world, is thy God, and thou hast done what thou canst in opposing the quakers to get him glory. Thou hast a great measure of the spirit of envy, malice, and cruelty, and blood.'" And so John Wigan says, he stood corrected, and that this was every word her answer to his question."



Margaret Fell wrote Mr. Wigan a letter afterwards, which he gives in the appendix, page 59, in which she compares him to Korah, and James, and Jambres. She writes: "Thou art without God in the world; a minister of darkness. Thy foul sinful prayers are abominable. Thy fleshly performances are but grass and chaff, rotten hypocritical performances. Thou hast committed sacrilege, and hast blasphemed against the Holy Spirit of God, which will never be forgiven thee in this world, nor in that which is to come. Thou art under it, and it remains upon thee for ever. Thou art the man; thou art accursed; and no other portion can thou have, *and this is Scripture and truth to thee.*"

After "the great Fox's Fell Dame" had thus consigned the poor anabaptist, he tells us, to eternal misery, and he disbelieving the quaker assertion, that "what is spoken or written by Friends is of as great authority as the Scriptures, and greater," (see "Truth defending the Quakers," by George White-

head, page 7,) had published his narrative; a Friend, named William Holden, wrote him a long and very unsavoury letter, which he advised him also to publish. It is quite too bad to transcribe here; but a very similar inodorous style of letter, showing that quakerism to-day is the same as it was of old, may be seen in the Appendix to "Quakerism, or the Story of my Life," signed by Robert Meek.

Rev. J. Wigan's book, entitled, "Anti-christ's Stronghold Overturned," contains his original dispute with the quakers, and all the subsequent narrative and letters he received from Friends. The names they called him would fill more than a page. He was "an infidel child of darkness," a "thief," "sot," "ignoramus," "grinning like a dog," "teeth like a lyon," "mouth like a dragon's beast," &c. &c. &c.

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William Penn, in his "Reason against Railing," says: "They that are angry for God, passionate for Christ, may tell us they

are Christians, if they will, but to be sure they are no Christians of Christ's making." Then he goes on and vindicates Edward Burroughs for calling Philip Bennett a priest, who opposed him thus: "Thou art a wicked creature. Blackness of darkness is reserved for thee. Thou art a serpent, and the curse of God is eternally upon thee. Thou beast, to whom the plagues of God are due." These look like bad names, but William Penn says, "it was the fittest return that could be made to Philip Bennett for his questions;" although, in page 164, he tells us—"the questions were civil, and had no railing or reviling in them;" but "he was a white devil, and more serpentine for that;" and he adds, "I warrant it from God, and by the sense of his eternal spirit, do declare that it was the portion, and only fit answer, to be given to those trepanning questions." Then William Penn says: "I was accused of railing, because I said of James Nayler's book, that if he had treated that accursed stock of hirelings (the clergy) ten thousand times more

sharply, it had been but enough." One more quotation from this book of William Penn's will aptly conclude the subject—"I would not, God is my record this day, for more worlds than there are stars in the firmament, so violate the laws of charity, as to rail or revile the most violent of my opposers."

An old poet having read William Penn's "Reasons against Railing," writes of it thus—

"The saints may do the same things by  
The spirit in sincerity,  
Which other men are tempted to  
And at the devil's influence do.  
All piety consists therein  
In them—in other men all sin."\*

George Fox appears, from his own "Journal," to have had very bad health, as well as to have

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\* "Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Macaulay's "History," a deputation of quakers waited upon the right honourable gentleman to remonstrate with him upon the character and conduct he had assigned to their great writer and champion, William Penn. It is reported that Mr. Macaulay produced original documents which fully justified the view he had taken of William Penn's proceedings. It is asserted that he told the deputation that

been the victim of despair. Before he began to preach, he was "bled and physicked" to a degree. He often speaks of great weight and oppression of spirit, and "being medicined" for it. He was often in a state that he could not eat; and it was whilst in that state (see "Journal," page 420,) that he was able to discern spirits, to tell who were honest-hearted and who were not. He was in an awful state of mind and body—so weak as to be unable to stand, he says, "from warring in spirit with the evil spirits of the world. I was under great sufferings beyond what I have words to declare. I was brought into the deep, and

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he had advanced nothing but what could be supported by unquestionable testimony, and that he had suppressed many passages which bore hard upon his memory, because, they were not, in his opinion, calculated to throw light on the matters he had to relate. After perusing the papers and documents submitted to them, the deputation withdrew, impressed with the idea that the wisest course would be to avoid discussion, which would perhaps only lead to further disclosures—that, to assail Mr. Macaulay's veracity, would only end in signally damaging their own cause."—*Morning Herald*, 13 Oct. 1852.

saw all the religions of the world, and people that lived in them, and the prints that held them up: who were as a company of men-eaters, eating up the people like bread, and gnawing the flesh off their bones: but as for true religion and worship, and ministers of God, alack! I saw there was none in the world. For they that pretended to be the church were but a company of men-eaters."

One of those who opposed the setting up of women's meetings afterwards made friends with George Fox, and sent in a paper condemning himself for so doing. "That he did wilfully oppose, although warned by George Fox to take heed, until the *fire of the Lord* did burn within him, and he saw the angel of the Lord, with his sword drawn in his hand, ready to cut him off."—George Fox's "Journal," page 461.

George Fox, like the alchymists and astrologers of his day, said he often saw the angel of the Lord: thus, in "Journal," page 375; "As I was walking in my chamber, with my

eye to the Lord, I saw the angel of the Lord with a glittering drawn sword, stretched southward, as though the court had been all on fire." And frequently, he says: "I saw the Lord's power." One time he "had a vision of a desperate creature, that was coming to destroy him." ("Journal," page 250.) Another time of "a bear, and two great mastiff dogs," (page 63); another, in Bandon, "of a very ugly-visaged man, of a black dark look." ("Journal," page 407.) This same vision, Leslie tells us, sometimes appeared in meetings, frightening the poor Friends dreadfully; and to confirm the story of the occasional appearance in meetings of this queer-looking customer, we have in Edward Burroughs's works, page 167, an allusion to it, where he is very angry that the people of the world will put constructions on things—says it was all a lie, and yet mentions Hexam as the scene of one such appearance, and mentions the names of two priests, Mr. Firman and Thomas Tillam, who were, unfortunately for the Friends, present

as spectators, and who have authenticated the fact. After his visions, George Fox generally "had to be medicined." Friends would deem it heresy to suppose they were the result of bad health, or bad principles, instead of any divine supernatural power.

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## EPISTLES.

When George Fox went to Ireland, where, he says, the earth and the air smelt with the corruption of the nation, at a meeting of Friends in Cork, he describes ("Journal," p. 407, 408,) the disturbances which he thought holy, thus: "The powerful presence of the Lord was previously felt, whereby many of the world were reached, convinced, gathered to the truth, and the Lord's flock was increased, and Friends were greatly comforted in feeling the love of God. Oh! the brokenness that was amongst them in the flowings of life! So that in the power and Spirit of the Lord, many together broke out into singing, even

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with audible voices, making melody in their hearts. At which time I was moved to declare to Friends as followeth :

“ Sound, sound abroad, you faithful servants of the Lord, witnesses in his name, faithful servants, prophets of the Highest, and angels of the Lord ! Sound ye all abroad in the world, to the awaking and raising of the dead, that they may be awakened and raised up out of the grave, to hear the voice that is living. For the dead have long heard the dead, the blind have long wandered among the blind, and the deaf amongst the deaf. Therefore, sound ye servants, prophets, and angels of the Lord, ye trumpets of the Lord, that you may awaken the dead, awaken them that are asleep in their graves of sin, death, and hell, sea and earth, and who lie in the tombs. Sound abroad, ye trumpets, and raise up the dead, that they may hear the voice of the Son of God, the voice of the second Adam that never fell, the voice of the Light, the voice of the Life, the voice of the Power, the voice of the Truth, the voice of

the Righteous, and the voice of the Just. Sound ye the trumpet, the melodious sound abroad, that all the deaf ears may be opened to hear the pleasant sound of the trumpet to judgment and life, to condemnation and light. Sound your trumpets all abroad, you angels of the Lord, sons and daughters, prophets of the Highest, that all that are dead and asleep in the graves, who have long been dreaming and slumbering, may be awakened, and hear the voice of the Lamb, who have long heard the voice of the beast, that now they may hear the voice of the Bridegroom, the voice of the Bride, the voice of the great Prophet, the voice of the great King, the voice of the great Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. Sound it all abroad, ye trumpets, among the dead in Adam; for Christ is come, the second Adam, that they might have Life. Awaken the dead, awaken the slumberers, awaken the dreamers, awaken them that are asleep, awaken them out of their graves, out of their tombs, out of their sepulchres, out of the seas! Sound abroad, ye

trumpets, that awaken the dead, that they may all hear the sound of it in the graves, and they that hear may live, and come to the Life, that is the Son of God. He is risen from the dead, the grave could not hold nor contain him, neither could all the watchers of the earth, with all their guards, keep him therein. Sound! ye trumpets of the Lord, to all the seekers of the living among the dead, that he is risen from the dead, to all the seekers of the living among the dead, and lie in the graves that the watchers keep; he is not in the grave, he is risen; and there is that under the grave of the watchers of the outward grave, which must be awakened, and come to hear his voice, who is risen from the dead, that they might come to live. Therefore, sound abroad, ye trumpets of the Lord, that the grave might give up her dead, and hell and the sea might give up her dead; and all might come forth to judgment, to the judgment of the Lord before his throne, and have their sentence and reward according to their works. Away with all the chaff, and the

busks, and contentions and strife, that the swine feed upon in the mire, and in the fall, and the keepers of them of Adam and Eve's house in the fall, that lies in the mire, out of light and life."—George Fox.

In another Epistle (page 614) George Fox, arguing against prayer, says: "To take counsel of the dead (that is, of our Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ) was forbidden by the law of the Lord. He hath given Christ (that is the light within) in the new covenant, in his gospel day, to be a counsellor and a leader to all believers in his Light. Men are not to run to the dead for the living, for the law and the testimony of God forbids it." He quotes Hosea iv. 12, and Psalm cvi. 28, 29, and then adds: "Lo, here ye may see the sacrifices of the dead were forbidden. The living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything."

George Fox was wont to address his epistles to Friends thus:—"To all the elect, faithful, called and chosen of God, the flock and heritage of God, who have been acquainted with the dealings of the Lord, and have kept your

habitations in his life, power, and truth, being built upon the holy, heavenly rock and foundation, Christ Jesus, who was the foundation of the apostles and prophets.”—“Journal,” p. 575.

The conclusion of his Epistles ran in this style:—“I am him who is translated into the kingdom of his dear son, with all his saints, a heavenly salutation, and salute one another with a holy kiss of charity, that never faileth.”—Geo. Fox. “Journal,” p. 656.

Having given a specimen of George Fox's style of Epistle to Friends, it is only fair to give one or two of his Epistles to the “people of the world.” I select that on Trembling and Quaking, because it is well to know his views on this subject, and I hope that the man's own writings will be admitted to be better evidence of his mind and teaching than any comment. The Bible, he said, was *not* the word of the Lord: behold the effusions which he and his disciples substitute for Holy Writ. This Epistle was written in London, in 1655. It is given in his “Journal,” p. 144, and

begins, "Amongst other services for the Lord which then lay upon me in the city, I was moved to give forth a paper to those who made a scorn at trembling and quaking.

"*The word of the Lord* to you all that scorn trembling and quaking, who scorn, throw stones at, and belch forth oaths against those who are trembling and quaking, threatening and beating them. Strangers ye are to all the apostles and prophets, and are of the generation that stoned them, and mocked them in those days. Ye are the scoffers which they spake of, that are come in the last times; ye be witnesses against yourselves. To the light in all your consciences I speak, that with it ye may see yourselves to be out of the life of the holy men of God.

"Moses, who was judge over all Israel, trembled, feared, and quaked when the Lord said unto him, 'I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob;' then he trembled and durst not behold. This, which makes to tremble now, ye teachers and

people scoff at, and scorn those in your streets, who witness the power of the Lord. . . David, a king, trembled. He was mocked. They made songs on him; they wagged their heads at him. Will you profess David's words and Moses's words, who are in the generation of your fathers, mockers, scoffers, wonderers and despisers, which are to perish? O blush! Be ashamed of all your profession, and be confounded! Job trembled, his flesh trembled, and they mocked him: so do you now mock them in whom the same power of God is made manifest, yet you profess Job's words. O deceitful hypocrites! Will ye not own Scripture? O for shame! never profess Scripture words and deny the power, which according to the Scriptures, makes the keepers of the house to tremble, and the strong man to bow himself. These things priests, magistrates, and people scoff at; but with the power ye are judged, and by the Power and Life condemned.


“ The prophet Jeremiah trembled; he shook,

his bones quaked, he reeled to and fro like a drunken man, when he saw the deceit of the priests and prophets, who were turned from the way of God; and they were not ashamed, neither could they blush. Such were gone from the light; and such were they that ruled over the people. But he was brought to cry, 'O foolish people! that had eyes, and could not see; that had ears, and could not hear; and that did not fear the Lord and tremble at his presence, who placed the sands for bounds to the sea by a perpetual decree, that the waves thereof cannot pass?' And he said, 'A horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means. Shall not I visit for these things, saith the Lord? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?' They were such as did not tremble at the word of the Lord; therefore he called them a foolish people. Hear, all ye, the word of the Lord, ye foolish people, who scorn trembling and quaking. Give over professing the pro-



phet Jeremiah's words, and making a trade of them; for with his words you are judged to be amongst the scoffers, scorners, and stockers. For he was stocked by your generation; and you now stock them that tremble at the word of the Lord, at the power of the mighty God, which raises up the Seed of God, and throws down the Earth which hath kept it down. Lo, you that are in the fall, when death reigneth, enemies of the truth, despising the power of God, as those of your generation ever did, woe and misery is your portion, except you speedily repent. Isaiah said, 'Hear the word of the Lord, all ye that tremble at his word.' And he said, 'This was the man that God did regard, who was of a broken and contrite heart, and trembled at his word. When their brethren hated and persecuted them, saying, Let the Lord be glorified; he shall appear to your joy, but they shall be ashamed.' Isaiah, lxvi. 5. Now, all ye scoffers and scorners, that despise trembling, you regard not the word of the Lord: They are not regarded by

you that tremble at the word; who are regarded by the Lord: therefore you are contrary to Isaiah's words. Profess him and his words no more for shame! nor make a trade of his words. Ye that seek for your gain from your quarter, ye greedy, drunken dogs, that never have enough; ye are they that despise trembling; ye are such as Isaiah cried against, who himself witnessed trembling. Here, therefore, be ye witnesses against yourselves, that with the light in your consciences ye may see ye are out of the prophet Isaiah's spirit, and are haters of them that tremble, whom the Lord regards; but such you regard not, but hate, persecute, mock, and rail against. It is manifest you walk in the steps of your forefathers, that persecuted the prophets. Habakkuk the prophet of the Lord trembled. Joel the prophet of the Lord said, 'Blow the trumpet in Zion, and let all the inhabitants of the earth tremble. The people shall tremble, and all faces shall gather blackness, and the people shall be much pained.' And now this



trembling is witnessed by the power of the Lord. This power of the Lord is come. The trumpet is sounding. The earth is shaking: the inhabitants of the earth are trembling; the dead is arising, and the living is praising God; the world is raging; the scoffers are scorning; and they that witness trembling and quaking wrought in them by the power of the Lord, can scarce pass up and down the streets but they are pursued with mockings and reproaches. Thus you vent your malice against them that witness the power of the Lord, as the prophets did; who are come to the broken heart and to the contrite spirit; who tremble at the word of the Lord, and whom the Lord regards. . . . If you see one as Habakkuk, whose lips quivered, whose belly shook, who said Rottenness was entered into his bones, and who trembled in himself; if you see such a one in this condition now, ye say he is bewitched. Here again you show yourselves strangers to that power, to that life which was in the prophet; therefore, for shame,

never make a profession of his words, nor a trade of his words; nor of Joel's, who witnessed trembling, which ye scorn and scoff at. Ye proud scorers, misery is your end, except you speedily repent.


“Daniel, a servant of the most high God, trembled, his strength and his breath were gone. He was prisoned, he was hated, he was persecuted. For shame, you that make a profession of Daniel's words, give over your profession, priests and people, who scoff and scorn at trembling; with the Light you are seen to be out of Daniel's Life; and by the same power you are judged, at which you scorn and scoff. Here, again, ye witness against yourselves, that you are scorers and scoffers against the truth; and with the Scripture you are judged to be contrary to the life of the holy men of God. Paul, a minister of God, made a messenger of the Lord Jesus Christ, a vessel of the Lord to carry his name abroad into several nations,—when the dead blind world have got some of his words and epistles,

you teachers make a trade of them, and get great sums of money for it, and so you destroy souls for dishonest gain; making a trade of his words, and of the rest of the apostles, prophets, and of Christ's words, but denying the spirit and life they were guided by, and that power which shook the flesh and the earth, which the apostle witnessed who said, 'When he came among Corinthians, he was with them in weakness, and fear, and *much trembling*, that their faith might not stand in the wisdom of words, but in the power of God,'—in that power which made him to tremble. This power it is that the world, and all the scoffing teachers, scoff at and scorn at in your towns, in your villages, in your assemblies, in your alehouses. For shame, lay aside all your professions of the apostle's words and conditions! Some that scoff at this power call it the power of the devil! . . . I charge you, in the presence of the living God, to be silent, who act such things! Mind the Light in your consciences, ye scoffers and scorners, which Christ

hath enlightened you withal, that with it ye may see yourselves. . For who act such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God: all such things are by the Light condemned.

“Ye who come to witness trembling and quaking, the powers of the earth to be shaken, the scorning and scoffing nature judged by the Light: in it wait to receive power from him who shakes the earth. These are not come so far as the trembling of devils, who believed and trembled. Let that judge you.

“Take warning, all ye powers of the earth, how ye persecute them whom the world nicknames and calls quakers, who dwell in the eternal power of God: lest the hand of the Lord be turned against you, and ye be all cut off. *To you this is the word of the Lord.* Fear and tremble, and take warning. For this is the man whom the Lord doth regard, who trembles at his word; which you, who are of the world, scorn, stock, persecute, and imprison. Here ye may see ye are contrary to God, contrary to the prophets, and are such as hate




what the Lord regards, which we whom the world scorns and calls quakers, own. We exalt and honour that power which makes the devils tremble, shakes the earth, throws down the loftiness of man, and makes the beasts of the field to tremble, and causes the earth to reel to and fro, cleaves it asunder, and overturneth the world. This power we own, honour, and preach up, whom the world scornfully calls quakers."—G. F.

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George Fox also wrote, to all churches, an epistle on "Plainness," in 1655. As it shows the effrontery and arrogant character of the man whom Friends still honour, revere, and obey, and of whom they say, "he was a perfect example of his own doctrine of perfection," and "one who advanced the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things," I copy it from his "Journal," page 149, in the belief that Friends ought to know, from himself, what manner of man their idol was, and what sort of spirit that was by which he was led.

“I was moved to write the following paper on Plainness, and to direct it as an epistle to gathered churches into outward forms upon earth. ‘All ye churches gathered into outward forms upon the earth: the Son of God is come to reign; he will tread and trample, will shake and make you quiver—you that are found without his life, his light, and his power. His day hath appeared—mortar and clay will you be found. Breaking, shaking, and quaking, is coming among you! Your high building is to be laid desolate; your professed liberty shall be your bondage: *the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it*. Tremble, ye hypocrites, ye notionists. The fenced cities shall be laid desolate; the fruitful fields shall become a wilderness; your false joy shall become your heaviness; the time of weeping and desolation draweth nigh! Come, ye witty ones, see how ye can stand before the Almighty, who is now come to plead with you. You’ll fall like leaves, and wither like weeds! Come you that have boasted of *my name, saith*





*the Lord*, and have gloried in the flesh, ye shall fade like a flower; who have slain *my witness*, yet boast of *my words*, which have been as a song unto you. Come, ye novelists, who love novelties, changeable suits of apparel, who are in the fashions outward and inward, putting on one thing this day, and another the other day. '*I'll strip thee*,' saith *the Lord*; '*I'll make thee bare, I'll make thee naked, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord.*' What! hast thou professed the prophet's words? Hast thou professed the apostle's words, and *my son's words*? Hast thou covered thyself with their expressions? Thinkest thou not that *I see thee out of my life*? Thinkest thou, witty one, to hide thyself where none can see thee? Thinkest thou if thou fliest to the uttermost parts of the earth, *that I am not there*? Is not the earth mine, and the fullness of it, saith the Lord? Come, all ye that have trusted in your own conceited knowledge and wisdom, who were never yet out of the earth, and the lusts of it, never yet got the

load of thick clay off you, never were out of the drunken spirit, whose imperfection appears, which must be come upon as a potter's vessel; broken cisterns; ye that have been wise in your own conceit, wise in your own eyes—in which pride hath lifted you up, and not humility, you must be abased. You have run on, every one after his own invention, and every man hath done that which was right in his own eyes—that which pleased himself. This hath been the course of the people upon earth. Ye have run on without a king—without Christ, the light of the world, which hath enlightened every one that is come into the world. But now is truth risen—now are your fruits withering. You that are fortified, and have fortified your strong houses, called your churches, make your cords strong, the Lord will break you asunder, ye that are gathering in and ye that are gathered; for the Lord is risen to scatter you, his witness is risen in the hearts of his people; they will not be fed with dead words, nor with that which dies of itself,

nor will they be satisfied with the husks which the swine feed upon. All ye priests in the nation, and teachers, that now stand against the light, your envy shows that ye are in Cain's way; your greediness shows that ye are in Balaam's way. Your standing against the light, which hath enlightened every man that cometh into the world, doth manifest that you are in Core's way—that spoke the great high words of vanity. Ye whose consciences are seared as with a hot iron, whose judgment doth not linger, whose damnation doth not slumber, who serve not the Lord Jesus Christ, but your own bellies. Who are as the evil beasts spoken of, which have destroyed many families, taken away cattle, their horses, their goods, even their household goods, destroyed many poor men, even whole families, taking their whole estates from them, whom you do no work for. Oh, the grievous actions that are seen done by you the ministers of unrighteousness, whose fruits declare to the whole nation that you are not the messengers of God! Your actions declare it: your taking

tithes, augmentations, treble damages, mid-summer dues, as ye call them, of those ye do no work for, nor minister to.

“All ye powers of the earth, beware of holding such up as are unrighteous. Let not the words of the unrighteous overcome you, lest the righteous God, the judge of heaven and earth, take hold upon you; whose judgment is according to that of God in you, which will let you see when you transgress. Come, you proud, lofty ones, who have not considered the handyworks of the Lord, but have destroyed them; nor have regarded the way of the Lord, but have had plenty of the creatures, and have therewith fattened up themselves, and forgotten the Lord and his way. Oh! let shame cover your faces here upon earth! Come, ye that are given to pleasures! who spend your time in sports, idleness, and fulness! Your fruits declare the sins of Sodom; yet *you will make a talk of my name and of my saints' words.* ‘But I behold you afar off!’ saith the Lord. You are proud and

lofty: you are bad patterns, bad examples, full, rich and idle: who say others are idle that cannot maintain your lusts. Oh, the unrighteous balances that are among people! Oh, the iniquity in measuring! Oh, the oppression in ruling and governing! Because of these things, *my hand shall come upon you, saith the Lord.* For the oppression is entered into the ears of the Lord, who gives rest to the wearied, to the burdened, to the oppressed: who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked: who brings the mighty from their seats, beats the lofty to the ground, and makes the haughty bend. *Come, saith the Lord, ye mockers, scorers, and rebellious ones, light and wild people, vain and heady. You have had your day of joy, you have scoffed, you have mocked and derided my messengers, my ambassadors, who have preached in your streets, and cried in your synagogues and temples: a day of trembling and lamentation shall come upon you when you are not aware. I'll take away your pride and your height. I'll shake you as*

*a leaf*, and bring you to be as men distracted. *I'll distract you*, and make you that you shall not trust one another in the earth; who have joined hand in hand against *my servants* in the truth. *I'll smite you with terrors ; and bring frets and fears upon you. The cup of my fury and indignation shall you drink.* Where will you appear, when repentance is hid from your eyes? when profane Esau, your father, is set before you? and Ishmael and Cain, wild and envious, whose fruits declare the stock? Come, ye proud priests, who have eaten up the fat of the nation, who by violence have taken other men's goods, whose envy hath slain many: whose wickedness and darkness hath abounded, and whose unrighteousness daily appears. Your fruits every day declare it, in summoning up, by writs and subpœnas, from most parts of the nation, for wages and tithes, such as ye do no work for. Oh, the abominable unrighteousness! How is the state of man lost, that these things they do not take to heart, to feel them! What havoc is made in

the nation by such! And all ye priests and teachers, who are railing and brawling in the pulpit, setting people at variance one against another: haters and hateful: provoking people to hate one another. Here is the seed of enmity seen which you have sown and are sowing, whose seed must be bruised by the seed of the woman, which atop of your heads is set.”—Geo. Fox. Compare this Epistle with Prov. 30, verse 6.

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The following short extracts, from the writings of George Fox and his contemporaries, will, we trust, show those Friends who think he was a safe guide, how deceived they have been, by believing the fictions which “weighty Friends” of modern days have imposed upon them, regarding the founder of the sect; and also in showing that, whilst a modern phraseology is now adopted to suit the times, still they who, like the editor of the “British Friend,” and the approved ministers, &c., are conversant with the writings of George Fox,

do hold the same unchristian doctrines as he did, and do insidiously instil them, whenever they can, into the minds of the people.

“An infallible spirit is now possessed and witnessed among those called quakers. Glory to God in the highest.”—“Great Mystery,” by George Fox, p. 105.

“Every true member of the true church hath certainty and infallibility of judgment.”—*Ibid.*, p. 862.

“It is not horrid blasphemy to say the soul is a part of God, for it came out of him; and that which came out of him, is of him.”—*Ibid.*, p. 273.

“All that have the Son, and the Holy Ghost, have that which is equal in power and glory with the Father.”—*Ibid.*, p. 248.

“As he is, so are we; and that which is perfect, as he is perfect, is in equality with the same.”—“Saul’s Errand to Damascus,” by George Fox, p. 8.

“It is the doctrine of devils that preacheth that men shall have sin, and be in a state of



warfare so long as they be on earth; they that pretend coming to God and Christ out of perfection, they be in error.”—“Great Mystery,” by George Fox, p. 101.

“Revelation is now witnessed in our days, as it was in the apostles; but not amongst you, who have inwardly ravened from the Spirit of the Lord, which have apostatized from the apostles. And so you be in the diabolical devilish that expects not that now, which was in the days of the apostles. If ever you own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, you will own our writings, which are given out by the same Spirit and Power. *You may as well condemn the Scriptures to the fire, as our queries—our given forth papers, and printed books.* It is from the immediate eternal Spirit of God. You are now answered from the mouth of the Lord.”—Ibid., p. 321.

“Let this epistle be read in the Life and Authority of God, from whence it came. *This is the Word of the Lord unto you.* The Scriptures are *not* the Word of God, which

thou, Christopher Wade, hast blasphemously affirmed."—*Ibid.*, p. 246.

"The very Christ of God is within us. We dare not deny it." — "Edward Burroughs' Works," p. 146.

"Quakers can discern who are saints, who are devils, and who apostates, without speaking even a word. They have the Word of God, Christ, which is eternal and infallible, in their heart, to judge persons and things."—"Great Mystery," by George Fox, p. 89.

"Such as have Christ in them, they have the righteousness itself, without imputation; the end of imputation, the righteousness of God itself, Christ Jesus."—*Ibid.*, pp. 183.

"Christ is not distinct from the Father. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are not distinct; and you priests are not fit to judge in such things as they are: they are too weighty and too heavy for you."—*Ibid.*, pp. 142, 293.

William Penn, in his "Christian Quaker," p. 199, does not call our Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour, or the Christ; but he says, "the

light which dwelt in Jesus," and that "Christ had a work to do in him, that holy person, which was born at Nazareth (in other works, also, Penn says that Jesus was born at Nazareth), was instrumentally a Saviour. The body was instrumentally a Saviour, as prepared and chosen for the work which Christ had to do in it."

"The devil is in thee, Christopher Wade. Thou sayest thou art saved by a Christ without thee, and so hast recorded thyself to be a reprobate."—George Fox's "Great Mystery," pp. 5, 250.

In George Fox's Decretal "Epistle against Tythes," dated 3 mo., 1677, he says, "For any to cry against the priests in words, and yet to give them means, and put into their mouths, is a contradiction. And therefore take heed, for if the Lord God do bless you with outward creatures, and you do bestow them upon Baal's priests, the Lord may justly require the outward things from you again. So all the preachers, for tithes and money, and the takers and payers of tithes be testified

against in the Lord's power and spirit, and therefore, in the power of the Lord, maintain the war against the beasts."

"Slay Baal: Balaam must be slain. All the hirelings must be turned out of the kingdom." —"News out of the North," by George Fox, p. 31.

"Now destruction is drawing nigh. Sorrow is coming. Sons and daughters (of quakers) are going abroad joyfully in the power and strength of the Almighty. Howl, woe, and misery, all ye priests. Ye blind priests. All nations, and languages, and tongues, and kindreds, and peoples, tremble before the Lord's host (the quakers). The corrupt judge must not stand up. And the corrupt rulers must not rule. And thou beast (the civil government) and false prophet (the church) must into the fire. The false prophet is councillor unto the beast, and the beast maintains the false prophet. Both into the pit, and the lake and fire you must both go. The Lord hath spoken it."—Ibid., pp. 20, 38.

“I bestowed,” said William Penn, in his “Winding Sheet,” “thirty-two pages to prove George Fox’s spirit to be infallible.”

“The light, the seed within, is Christ. Then I am he that speaketh. Then Hosanna. The Son is equal with the Father. I witness the Son in me: so I witness equality with the Father.—“Christianity Vindicated,” by Robert Gordon, p. 33.

“The first thing the dark mind stumbles at, is that some have said that they that have the Spirit of God are equal with God. He that hath the Spirit of God is in that which is equal. And he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit: there is unity, and the unity stands in equality itself.”—“The Dawnings of the Gospel Day,” by Francis Howgill, p. 232.

William Penn, at a meeting, took for his text “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” This he explained thus: “The blood is the Life, and the Life is the Light within.”—Leslie, vol. ii. p. 45.

William Shewin, a great quaker preacher,

says, in his "Thoughts and Imaginations," that a quaker is "meeker than Moses: stronger than Samson: more patient than Job: and harmless and innocent as Christ was."

"*Quakers are free from sin*, and therefore have not continued need of repentance."—George Whitehead.

"To say the sprinkling of infants with water is baptism into the faith of Christ; and that a steeple house is a church, and that singing David's experiences in rhyme and metre, is singing to the praise of God; *these are damnable heresies*, even to the denying the Lord that bought them."—Ed. Burroughs' Epistle, p. 191.

"*Quakers have no need of the Scriptures to teach them.*"—Ibid., p. 408.

In George Fox's "Several Papers given forth for the spreading of the Truth," printed 1671, page 45, he says of the Bible, it is "feeding upon the letter which is death, which feeds you serpents, dogs, and swine. Your original is carnal Hebrew, Greek, and Latin,

and your word is carnal the letter, and your light is carnal the letter."

In a "Brief Discovery of a three-fold Estate of Anti-Christ," page 9, Friends say, "The clergy are Babylon's merchants selling beastly ware (the Scriptures) in the pulpit; a penny-some market on the first-day, called the Lord's-day; but the Lord's-day is a mystery, they know nothing of it. They sell the report of other men's riches: the letter which is dust and death."

William Penn says of the Bible, "what was a command of God in the old time *is not to us, unless required by the same spirit anew.*"

"That which is spoken by the Spirit of Truth in any (quaker preachings) is of as great authority as the Scriptures are, *and greater.*"—"Serious Apology," p. 49.

George Fox, in his "News out of the North," p. 39, says, "You say that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, is the gospel. It is carnal: the letter is death."

"Quakers have no need of the Scriptures to

teach them, for all the children of God are taught of God, and need not any other teacher; nor need not say one to another, know ye the Lord.”—Ed. Burroughs’ Works, p. 408.

And again he writes, “ That is no command from God to me, which He commands to another.”

George Fox wrote to Richard Baxter thus :  
“ Writing paper and ink is not infallible, nor *the Scripture is not the ground of faith*. Your rule paper and ink, that will come to death.”  
—“ Great Mystery,” p. 302.

When George Keith, who had been twenty-five years a quaker, was accused of heresy, because he said, “ the light within was not sufficient for salvation,” he desired to have this pretended heresy proved against him by Scripture. Samuel Jennings, as the mouth of the meeting, replied, “ We are not to prove it from Scripture, but from Friends’ books, for the question between us is, not who is the best Christian, but who is the best quaker.” And



a preacher Friend of Philadelphia, Thomas Fitzwater, being asked how he liked George Keith's doctrine, replied, "Not at all; he was building up what they (the quakers) had been throwing down for forty years. He was bringing people back to the Scriptures and to the professors of Christ." — "Heresy and Hatred," by George Keith, p. 1.

George Whitehead wrote to George Keith in consequence of Keith's having exposed the monstrous doctrines and conduct of the quakers, thus: "Because thou hast poured contempt upon thy servants, I will assuredly bring confusion upon thee."

"I am grieved to hear some say that they expect to be justified by that blood that was shed at Jerusalem," were the words of John Humphreys, a preacher in great esteem in Philadelphia.—See Daniel Lee's work, entitled, "News of a trumpet sounding in the Wilderness," New York, 1697.

Samuel Fisher, a renowned old quaker, in a publication which he blasphemously entitled

“The Burden of the Messenger of the Lord itself,” says (pp. 3-5): “That prophet whose voice soever hears not, and obeys not, even in all things he saith to them, shall be cut off from his people,—who, by a measure of light from himself, hath enlightened every one of you,—whose voice is *within*, and *not without*, to you, nor heard now without by any of you; *for the Scripture is not His voice*; for the Scriptures (not as written by the men that were inspired, but as since then mistranscribed, even in the very Greek and Hebrew copies, how much more as we have them, mistranslated in many things, and in so many several translations)—these are in some things fallible, and so not fit to be the rule, as in the dark, for want of the true light yet shining, *which now shineth forth*, they have been supposed to be; but Christ himself, his light and Spirit, which show good and evil in the heart, which *are the only guide, law, and rule*: and this is infallible, and there is the only sure and safe walking, even in the light, in Christ, in the spirit, and

*not in the letter, which is fallible, by false interpretations and translations."*

It appears that John Faldo wrote to William Penn on the appearance of this statement of quaker disregard to the Scriptures, to ask, Did they mean that, before quakers came into the world, all were dark for want of the true light, and in supposing the Scriptures to be a rule, law, and guide? William Penn replied in his "Rejoinder," page 38, thus: "I cannot but observe after what suspected rate the Scriptures have been first collected. Are we sure that the judgment of those who collected them was sufficient to determine what was right, and what not? What assurance have our anti-revelation adversaries of their doctors' choice? How shall we be assured that, in above three hundred years, so many copies as were doubtless taken should be pure and uncorrupted? From hence we may observe the uncertainty of J. Faldo's Word of God."

William Penn here calls the Bible "*John Faldo's Word of God*," and all who believe in

it, in preference to quaker teaching, are “*anti-revelation adversaries.*”

“He that knoweth the Substance, the Seed of the kingdom, the birth of the Spirit, knoweth the flesh and blood, which is of the Seed; and this flesh is flesh indeed, this blood is blood indeed, even the flesh and blood of the Seed’s nature; but the other was but the flesh and blood of our nature, which He honoured in taking on Him, in which He did the will, in which He offered up the acceptable sacrifice; but yet did not give the honour from His own flesh and blood to it. For the flesh and blood of our nature was not His own naturally, but only as He pleased to take it upon Him, and make it His. But that whereof He formeth us, and which He giveth us to eat and drink, is the flesh and blood of His own nature; and this was it wherein was the virtue, and wherein is the virtue, life, and power, for ever. Happy, oh! happy is he who is of it! who is taken out of, and formed of Him (as Eve of Adam), and so becomes bone of His bone, and flesh of His

flesh. Not the flesh and blood of the outward earthly nature, but the flesh and blood of the inward spiritual nature; not the flesh and blood which Christ took of the first Adam's nature, but the flesh and blood of the second Adam's nature."—Isaac Pennington's "Questions to Professors," pp. 25—30.

"The Pope, the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, Independants, and Baptists, understand the blood of Jesus Christ no more than a brute beast." — "Solomon Eccles' letter to Rob. Porter;" "Will. Burnet's Principles of the People called Quakers," p. 41; printed 1668.

"To preach from a Scripture text is conjugation."—"Saul's Errand," p. 7, by George Fox.

Reverend Charles Leslie, through whose instrumentality many quakers were delivered from their delusions, says, he searched Friends' writings carefully and well, and he found them to be "a sink and complication of the vilest heresies that ever have been broached in the Christian Church."—Vol. ii., p. 176.

"Christ is the substance of all figures, and his flesh is a figure of the light within."—"Saul's Errand to Damascus," by G. Fox, page 14.

"The body which suffered at Jerusalem was the body of Christ,—*i. e.*, which Christ assumed, not into his person, but as a cloak or veil, like the body which angels appear in for a time, and then throw off again. Christ suffered this body of his to be crucified, but *that the outward person which suffered was properly the Son of God, we utterly deny.*"—"Serious Apology for the Principles and Practices of Quakers," by William Penn, p. 146.

In a book printed in 1671, composed by a whole junto of quakers, entitled, "Some Principles of the Elect People of God, in scorn called Quakers," they say,—"The Scriptures do expressly distinguish between Christ and the garment which he wore. We can never call the bodily garment Christ."

Isaac Pennington, in his "Questions to Professors," page 25, denies that it was the

flesh and blood of the veil—the outward, earthly nature (as he calls the body of Christ)—by which we are cleansed; “for,” says he, “can outward blood cleanse the conscience?”

“Christ is not distinct from the Father, and they, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are not distinct.”—“Great Mystery,” by George Fox, pp. 142 and 293.

“That which is spoken by the Spirit of Truth in any (quaker preaching) is of as great authority as the Scriptures and chapters are, and greater.”—Geo. Whitehead’s “Defence,” p. 9.

“I saw a copy of a letter of George Fox’s to Oliver Cromwell, transcribed by a quaker, and preserved as precious. He there calls himself the *Son of God*; and says of himself, ‘*My kingdom is not of this world.*’ His words are: ‘I who am of the world called George Fox, do deny the carrying or drawing of any carnal sword against any, or against thee, Oliver Cromwell, or any man. In the presence of the Lord God, I declare, as God is my wit-

ness, by whom I am moved to give this forth from him whom the world calls George Fox, who is the Son of God, who is sent to stand a witness against all violence, my weapons are not carnal but spiritual, and my kingdom is not of this world; therefore with the carnal weapon I do not fight,' " &c.—Rev. C. Leslie's Works, p. 62, vol. ii.

"The Scriptures do not tell the people of a Trinity, nor three persons; but the Common Prayer mass-book speaks of three persons, brought in by the father the pope. The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, was always one."—"Great Mystery," by G. Fox, p. 246.\*

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\* "Faithful Cummins was a Dominican Friar in the year 1567. He was much followed and admired in England for his gift in making long extempore prayers, and for inveighing against Pope Pius V. His real character being suspected, he was taken up, and examined by the privy council. He made his escape, and went to Rome, where, being questioned by the Pope, he replied, 'That his Holiness little thought that he had done him a considerable service, notwithstanding he spoke so much against him.' When the Pope asked him how, he said, 'he had preached against set forms of prayer, and that he



“Christ never had any body but his church.”

—Leonard Fell.

“‘I know nothing of Christ but within myself,’ was the language of Thomas Curtis, a preacher for forty years among the early Friends.”—Leslie, vol. ii., p. 236.

Thomas Crispe, after being thirty years a quaker, left the Society, and published a treatise, in which he tells why he left them. He was one of George Fox’s own converts. He says: “You do never in your meetings pray for pardon or forgiveness of sin. I have been twenty years in due attendance, and have not heard it, for seeing it is Christ in you that prays, there is no need of it, he being

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had called the English Prayer-Book the English mass; and had persuaded several to pray extempore and spiritually, and that this had so taken with the people, that the Church of England was become as odious to that sort of people whom he instructed as a mass was to the Church of England, and that this would be a stumbling-block to that church while it remained a church.’ Upon this the Pope commended him, and gave him a reward of two thousand ducats.”—Strype’s “Life of Parker, 244 and 245, from Foxes and Firebrands.”

without sin. Secondly, you do not pray to Christ, because it being Christ in you that prays, it is absurd for Christ to pray to himself."

In George Whitehead's "Judgment Fixed," p. 68, there is a long prayer of nearly five pages. An extract from it will show what sort of prayer is approved of by Friends, who disapprove of the Lord's Prayer. Whitehead tells God of his extraordinary gifts, for which he thanks Him, for his Christian Spirit, thus: "Thou hast raised me up in defence of thy gospel, to vindicate thy truth. Thou knowest the integrity of my soul before thee, and that I have not sought to exalt myself, nor my popularity, party, or interest to myself, but only thy glory, and the good of souls. Thou knowest that my soul hath sought for Peace. Thou knowest thou hast endued me with a Christian spirit, and with faith and patience. Thou hast also endued me with the spirit of righteous judgment, understanding, &c. O my God! as I have eyed thee, so I recommend to thee to plead and justify my cause."

One good turn deserves another is the gist of this prayer.

“The quakers are not a sect, but are in the power of God, which was before sects were, and witness the election before the world began, and are come to live in the life which the prophets and apostles lived in, who gave forth the Scriptures.”—George Fox’s Journal, p. 305.

“Quakers are come not to Jesus the Son of Abraham, David, and Mary, saint or angel, but to God the Father. All worship, honour, and glory is to be given through Jesus Christ, *i. e.* the inward Christ, it is the Light within.”—William Shewen’s “Thoughts and Meditations,” printed 1685, p. 37.

“Envy hath reached to heaven to prove that the saints in heaven are not perfect, but wait for the redemption of their bodies, which now if people mind the Scriptures, there is no such doctrine in it, as the saints in heaven have not received the redemption of their bodies.”—Richard Hulberthorn his works, p. 119.

“The sufferings of Friends, the people of God, in this age, is greater sufferings, and more unjust than the sufferings of Christ and His apostles. What was done to Christ and the apostles, was chiefly done by a law, and in great part, by the due execution of a law.”—Edward Burroughs’ Works, p. 273.

Edward Burroughs ranks next to George Fox; he was called the second pillar of the Society.

“Your imagined God beyond the stars, *and your carnal Christ*, is utterly denied.”—“The Sword of the Lord drawn,” by Christopher Atkinson, p. 5.

“Doth that which is carnal lead to God, whom to know, and be led unto is life eternal? And hath your *dead Christ* brought you thither, yea or nay? The Light sees your Christ, and in it you are comprehended, and your Christ; and with it denied, and your faith which doth not purify. Your Christ is denied, which is not the Christ of God. We deny your *mock Christ*, which leaves you in

the devil's work, which is sin (by your own confession). And so your Christ is but transformed in you, like unto an angel of light. O! ye professors and people, and your ministers like unto ministers of righteousness, and so not being the same Christ, *but like him*, cannot save ye from your sins, and so not from condemnation. And this Christ ye believe in, and here is the mystery of iniquity hid."—"Call and Warning to Priests and Professor and People," by John Gould, p. 31.

"Faith in the history of Christ's outward manifestation, has been *a deadly poison* these latter ages have been infected with."—"Quakerism a new Nick-name for old Christianity," by William Penn, p. 6.

"So all Christendom hath talked long enough of Christ's flesh and blood."—"Spreading of Truth," by George Fox, p. 59.

William Erbery, in his "Babe of Glory breaking forth in the broken flesh of the Saints," says: "The outward Christ was but a child (thy child Jesus) while He was upon

the earth, but is now grown to be a Man in us: even God brought forth in us." And William Penn, in his "Christian Quaker," page 98, has the same idea. "'Tis not a babe now, nor a child any more; but a man, that's the mighty God, brought forth in glory."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

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It is with shuddering horror that these few out of an innumerable number of equally wicked sayings of the primitive quakers are reproduced. Were there any ground to hope that the Society at the present day, as a Society, had forsaken them, then the mantle of oblivion had not been raised. But it is not so. The preachers, and "weighty Friends," still hold the opinions of George Fox, and these others, his contemporaries. They speak them now, more covertly than he did; but they still hold them tenaciously: and, moreover, they boast that they do so. See "British Friend," for December, 1851, where it is said, and none have contradicted the public assertion, that "Friends of every generation endorse the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries." Also the "London

Yearly Meeting's Epistle," for 1835, in which they say: "We still retain the same *unalterable principles*." The Yearly Meeting of 1848 published the following: "In the course of our deliberations, we have been introduced into a deep religious concern for the preservation of our Society everywhere as a united body; *upholding our ancient standard of faith and practice, in all its fulness, spirituality and simplicity*. The "Book of Rules"—the text book of the Society—abounds with professions of reverence for those "ancient testimonies which truth (George Fox) begat in our hearts in the beginning." In the Preface, page 3, Friends of the present day say: "It must be allowed that, as a religious body, *we are the same people our forefathers were, in faith, in doctrine, in worship, in ministry, and in discipline*."

To one ignorant of the quaker cant, the language used at meetings, &c. &c., may often seem perfectly Scriptural and Christian; but the preachers are not acknowledged by the select meeting until they know George Fox's



meaning of words—and until they can speak it so well, that the initiated may find them *sound in the non-natural meaning* ; and the uninitiated and the strangers may believe that the simple meaning of the words is the doctrine intended to be taught. Thus, these ignorant ones are kept, or drawn, into communion with them, and into schism and separation from the Christian church. They, not seeing the grand error, are easily induced to countenance the peculiarities of the Society, as being matters too trivial in themselves to need the trouble and annoyance of publicly separating from the body that holds them.

These old quaker books are still kept as sacred relics. The subtle teachers of the Society still read, and instil their doctrines. The “Book of Rules,” and the “Yearly Meeting Epistles,” still refer to them as being infallible, and dictated by the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost. The “precious testimonies” of ancient Friends are still the governing principles. The whole edifice of

quakerism hangs on them and, were the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries ignored, the Society would fall to pieces.

Many quakers of the present day are ignorant, and some are ashamed, of these gross delusions and blasphemous doctrines, although they obstinately persevere in crediting the assumption that these men had an extraordinary commission from Heaven, and had a right to say they were "moved of the Lord" to affix God's seal to whatever their own imaginations invented, or their folly suggested. George Fox said: "Quakers are in the power of God, and in the authority of the Lamb, above all Houses, and are upon the Throne." So it is not to be wondered at if his disciples object to descending from so lofty a pinnacle, and becoming only Christians, humble, lowly, meek, and suppliants for mercy at the footstool of the "man approved of God," our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Quakerism is very subdolous and delusive. George Fox did preach that Jesus Christ, of

Nazareth, was the son of God, and that Christ is the Saviour of the world; also that the New Testament is the true record of His life, and worthy of all reverence and obedience. There is no doubt that he did teach these sacred truths. But he also taught, that all Christendom was in a state of dark apostasy from the Christian era, until he, George Fox, arose to enlighten the whole world, in the true spiritual meaning of the Gospel. George Fox asserted that he had Christ, or an inward saving light, or a holy, substantial seed in himself; which was in him, and in every quaker, as holy, as perfect, as infallible, and as complete as was Christ, when manifested in the form of the son of Mary. That Christ (as he called his inward light) manifested in George Fox, &c., was as worthy of adoration, honour, and obedience as Christ was, when veiled in the garment of mortality. That *our* Lord Jesus Christ having said, "I and my Father are one," meant Christ the Holy Spirit, not the outward man Jesus, and that it was therefore

no blasphemy for James Nayler, George Fox, or any other "weighty Friend," to claim equality with God, or to appropriate to themselves or to each other the titles of the Deity; they also having, they think, this "seed," or "Christ," or "*vehiculum Dei*," in themselves. It was in the same way George Fox taught that Christ is the Saviour of the world; a "universal saving light within," which mediates, atones, and saves all who acknowledge its indwelling in their hearts, and who "come under" to its requiring; this is what he calls Christ the Saviour of the world. They who do not believe there is anything at all in themselves which can save their souls, independent of the blood of Christ shed on the cross of Calvary, George Fox calls "reprobates and dark apostates."

Thus spiritualizing away the Christian's hope of glory, George Fox taught that the Scriptures, being of Christ, or the production of the inward light in Christ and his apostles, are to be revered and obeyed in exactly

the same manner as the epistles and "given forth writings" of George Fox and his disciples are to be revered and obeyed. Both, he taught, were streams from the same infallible fountain: but George Fox and his "weighty Friends," having the fountain (Christ) in themselves, have no need to go drink of the stream which has flowed from Christ. They are above and beyond the Scriptures, although they reverence the Scriptures; as they are above their own Epistles, although they claim that their Epistles shall be revered.

Quakers being, as they think, poor souls! perfect and sinless, never pray for pardon of sin, or for a Saviour's mediation to avert the punishment due to sin. The preachers do sometimes, but very rarely, kneel in the gallery, and pray to our Heavenly Father to be preserved from sin, (not in themselves, but from the unpleasant effects of sin in others,) that the true seed may arise, &c. &c.; and then all the congregation rise, not in token of adoration of God, but as a mark of respect to

the preacher, (see "Book of Discipline," and George Fox's Epistle on Rising,) as a recognition of his or her being a "vehiculum Dei," a possessor of the "light within." George Fox says, in his Journal, that prayer "lies in sighs and groans, in quaking and trembling, not in words;" that Friends are sinless, for "the entail of sin was cut off" when Christ, the seed, arose in the heart; and he adds, "this it is which angers all the devils' lawyers (clergymen), and councillors, that Satan should not hold sin by entail."

Joseph John Gurney laboriously endeavoured to lure the Society back from mysticism to the pure faith. He wrote and preached it, and he succeeded in having a kind of confession of faith inserted in the "Book of Rules," page 11, dated 1829. It says: "Our Society has received these important doctrines *in their plain and obvious meaning.*" He knew that Friends had a natural and a non-natural meaning for their words; and he wished to guard against the non-natural interpretation

of this creed. Numerous efforts have been made by others to ingraft simple Christianity on the stock of quakerism, but all in vain. The root is bad, it will not produce good fruit. Like the apples of Sodom, respectability and wealth may give a gloss to the outside, but within it is only dust.

The sagacious editor of the "British Friend," in his review of the "Life of William Allen," by the Rev. J. Sherman, remarks that no one but a member of the Society ought to attempt to write the biography of a Friend, as none but a member is qualified to write, or capable of understanding such a subject as quakerism. Very probably "concerned Friends" will say I am equally unfitted for my task. It is to meet such objections that I have given so many of the very words of George Fox, &c. &c. His Epistles were meant for "the people of the world;" so were his books, "News out of the North," "Great Mystery," &c. &c. &c., therefore "the people of the world" ought to know the opinion this wonderful man had of

them, as his disciples still hold the same; as well as, from his own pen, what were the doctrines he offered them, instead of the doctrines of the Bible.

I should like, had I space, to copy several other of his Epistles to priests, magistrates, &c. However, they are all in the same style. Friends often say they can explain any expression in the writings of early Friends, which might be misconstrued. It is well they confess there is something which needs explanation. Yet who can credit their expressed wish to do so, whilst, from the days of George Fox to the present, we find in the Book of Rules that "the Cross of Christ" is to them nothing more or less than plainness (see p. 206, 207), broad-brimmed hats and collarless coats, drab dresses and poke bonnets?

"If you let in the light on a nest of young owls, they immediately cry out that you have injured them," so no doubt "the concerned Friends" will again cry out against me; for I have surely endeavoured to throw a



little light on the doctrines really held by Friends, and on those dark places, the meetings of ministers, elders, and overseers of the Society of Friends. They still perpetuate George Fox's doctrines; they still reverence him as an inspired and infallible apostle; and in obeying him, and upholding his "testimonies," and the numerous other "testimonies" which have sprung up amongst themselves, they contrive to keep the twenty thousand members of the Society in a state of mental thralldom and alienation from the true church of Christ, if not actually from the well-grounded hope of a glorious eternity, which is offered to those who repent, believe, and are baptized into the name and faith of the Triune God.

In conclusion. The Society of Friends counts me an enemy, because I have told of these things; and yet there is no enmity in my heart towards any single one of them. Wounds must be probed and cleansed before they can be healed. Medicine, bitter though

it be, must be drank, before the health can be renewed. Error must be exposed before truth can be appreciated. The idol must be broken before God can be adored. My motives for writing will yet be known. The memory of some departed ones still fondly lingers, and endears to me the Society they loved and lived in: and there are individual Friends for whom I would cheerfully lay down my life, if by so doing I could win them to come from the shallows of George Fox's digging, and drink of the pure water of eternal life, flowing from Him who died and rose again; to confess themselves sinners, and to bow before the Saviour. For the whole Society of Friends, my sincere desire and prayer is, that God would mercifully forgive the past, and now, for Jesus' sake, "bring into the way of truth all those who have erred, and are deceived."

POSTSCRIPT.

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SINCE this volume was sent to the press, an interesting and important matter has been brought under general notice by the "British Friend" of 10 mo., 1852. We are there told that Dr. Ash, an acknowledged and approved minister in the Society, in Bristol, has resigned his membership, and, moreover, has even ventured to print and circulate his reasons for so doing. It appears that for some years past the false doctrines inculcated by Barclay's "Apology" have startled Dr. Ash's mind into a fear lest the Society's republishing of this heretical volume should involve him individually in the sin of promulgating it, and thereby leading souls astray. He therefore, first by private remonstrance, and afterwards

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by publishing a pamphlet on the subject, endeavoured to prevent "the intended publication (in which every member of the Society would necessarily be implicated)" of this obnoxious work. His efforts and remonstrances were all in vain; and therefore, like an honest, straightforward, conscientious man, he separated, at the cost of much personal feeling, from religious communion with the Society.

Dr. Ash's objections to the "Apology" "embrace the several propositions on immediate revelation, the Scriptures, universal and saving light, and justification, which he more particularly disapproves of, besides his considering the six last propositions (on the ministry, on worship, baptism, the communion, the power of the civil magistrate, salutations and recreations) by no means free from objection."

The Friends' periodicals, both in America, England, and Scotland, are extremely indignant at one in the station of a minister having left their body for such reasons; and whilst

censuring him, they avow the Society's full and entire accordance with Barclay's "Apology;" thus afresh evincing that quakerism to-day is essentially the same as it was at the beginning. The "British Friend" is annoyed that so much notice has been taken of the act of an individual. It would have suited "the cause" better had the thing taken "the usual course"—the letter of resignation sent to the monthly meeting being quietly disposed of there, consigned to the safe keeping of the clerk's bag—and the matter forgotten; but as "undue notoriety" has been given to it, we are favoured with a lengthy article under the head of "No Barclay no Friend." The "British Friend" says: "Edward Ash's protest did not deter the Meeting of Sufferings from proceeding with the new edition; and we rejoice to have thus perpetuated at such hands (the whole body of the Society, embodied in the yearly meeting of London,) a faithful exposition of the primitive Christianity which our Society was raised up to revive." . . .

Again, "Should the time ever come when the Society of Friends, or the great body in their collective capacity (the yearly meeting), shall deny and repudiate the great doctrines advocated by Robert Barclay and his coadjutors, then it may truly be said that the religious community which arose about the middle of the seventeenth century, under the ministry of George Fox and his fellow-labourers, *has become extinct.*" . . . . Again, "The circumstance of one individual, or many, it matters not the number, *ceasing to accept the apology for the truth,* gives no warrant whatever for the assertion that the profession of Friends has changed." . . . . And finally, "On the part of Friends, *there must of necessity be a continued adherence to their ancient and unalterable profession, as expounded in the 'Apology' of Robert Barclay ;* or it will stand against them a conspicuous and unmistakable monument of their apostasy ; so that we may repeat our text, and conclude, NO BARCLAY NO FRIEND."

Dr. Ash's printed letter has also drawn out

a reply in lithograph, signed "J. F., a Bristol Friend," which affords us another glimpse into the inner working of quakerism, and strongly confirms the fact mentioned in this volume, that double-dealing is resorted to and approved of by "weighty Friends," when they deem it expedient to keep "the world" and the uninitiated members of the Society ignorant of the true state of affairs. This faithful follower of George Fox greatly regrets Dr. Ash's secession; and argues, that because he is himself a Friend, and would not maintain that Barclay and the other quaker writers "have been entirely free from incorrect or imperfect views of divine truth," that therefore Dr. Ash might have quieted his conscience in the same easy way, and allowed Robert Barclay's false doctrines to be spread abroad without making any fuss about it. J. F. says: "I write thus, to show thee that on general principles, without entering into the special reasons pointed out by thee, I believe thou art quite right in thinking that the Society *ought*

*not* to persist in publishing Barclay's "Apology," as if it officially sanctioned every sentence in that work. Nevertheless, I do not think thou art right in resigning thy membership in our Society. By so doing, it seems to me that thou hast, in the view of the observing churches and of *the world*, rendered thy disunity with some *matters of opinion* far more publicly conspicuous than thy unity with many more. To *the world* especially, and to the worldly-minded members of the church, who are but a part of the world, the disunity alone will be visible; for thou knowest *they* cannot see the unity that remains after church membership is disclaimed. Christians have to bear certain testimonies *to the world* as well as to each other. *Jesus Christ teaches us that the visible unity of Christians is to operate in inducing the world to believe.* It is, therefore, a serious, a *very* serious matter, that either churches or individuals should so exhibit disunity, as to disparage the visible character of the church of Christ." Thus, according to



J. F., provided an outward conformity, or, as he calls it, "a visible unity," is maintained, a man may disseminate false doctrines, and thereby lure poor souls to destruction; or he may privately confess, and say, "I do not approve of these doctrines, or think them Scriptural," and yet be guiltless; while, under the sanction of his name, character, and influence, others spread the poison. J. F. would have Dr. Ash to continue in visible connexion with Friends, that thereby *the world* might be induced to believe. To believe what? False doctrines! vital errors! And he scruples not to use the name of our adorable Redeemer as authorizing such flagrant dishonesty.

Dr. Ash believes the doctrines of most vital importance to the soul of man are not held savingly by the Society of Friends. He says, justification as taught by them, "gives a view of the subject *widely differing* from that most precious doctrine of Scripture which represents men as being justified by faith, and as

hence having peace with God, and the blessed hope of everlasting life." Dr. Ash also thinks Barclay's arguments in support of Friends' doctrine of "immediate revelation is *very far from supporting a true view*;" and he thinks Friends' views of the Holy Scriptures, "are not only in themselves *highly objectionable*, but at the present time "*peculiarly dangerous*." Yet J. F. can see no impropriety in Dr. Ash continuing in "visible unity" with the Society! and thinks he was *not right* in seceding. Oh! quakerism, quakerism! thine advocate has done, unwittingly, good service to the cause of truth and righteousness, in thus showing thee as thou art, unprincipled and worldly-minded; false to thy Maker, and careless of the souls of thy children; ready to sacrifice the dearest interests of humanity for the purpose of self-aggrandizement. To swell the number of thy unhappy votaries, to maintain a schism in the Christian church, and to appear fair to *the world*, conscience may be stifled, and a man may lend the countenance

of his character to the dissemination of doctrines which are equally insulting to the Redeemer, and fatal to the souls of those who hold them; which he knows to be false, and has confessed to be "vital errors."

The different characters in the Society, the two classes, those who "*accept the apology for the truth,*" and those who decline taking any apology for truth, are by this interesting and instructive event put in possession of a fact which ought to influence each one of them. Any Friend who reads and obeys the Bible, accepting it as the alone rule of faith, must now see, that to be a Bible Christian involves *of necessity* a rejection of the false and heretical doctrines taught by George Fox and his contemporaries, and embodied by Robert Barclay in his "Apology." The object of my volume is greatly aided by this clear and open declaration of the double-dealing which is practised, and even approved of, by the "weighty Friends."

The conclusion of the matter, therefore, is

this: that a man is not a faithful believer in Bible Christianity if he countenances or subscribes to Robert Barclay's false doctrines and vital errors; but a man is not a quaker unless he does subscribe to Barclay—therefore quakerism and Christianity are diametrically opposed to each other.

THE END.

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